WEATHER VANE

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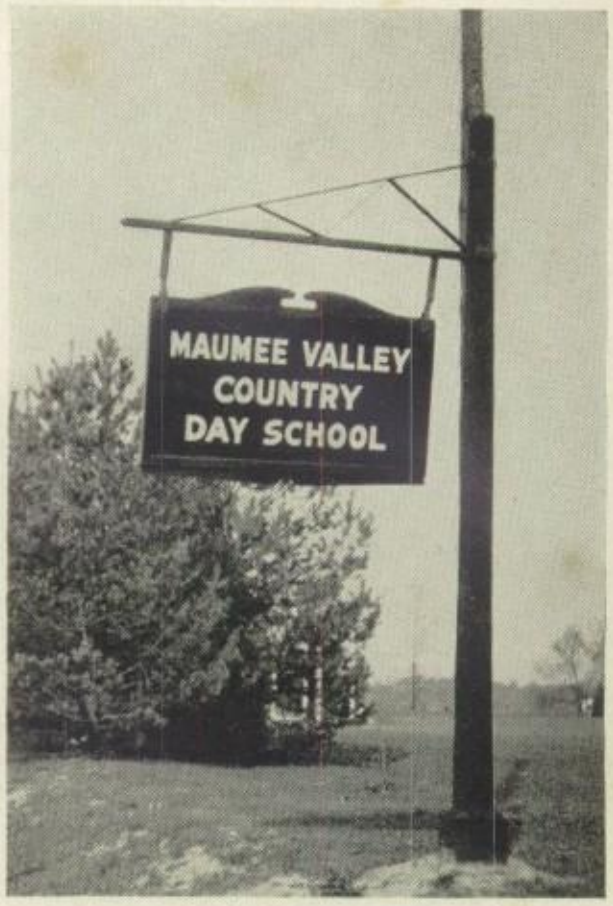


The WEATHER VANE

1942

WEATHER VANE

PUBLISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS

OF

MAUMEE VALLEY COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

Dedication

To the many traditions which make us love Maumee Valley—outdoor classes under the trees in spring and fall, parties and plays in the pine-paneled gym, fathers' and sons' baseball games, the "privilege" of reading by the fireplace in the Smead Room, the friendly rivalry between the Brown and Orange teams, the senior farewell song at the final luncheon, the commencement procession through the garden in June—to all these and many others we dedicate the . . .

WEATHER VANE of 1942

To the students:

These are serious times. Everyone has certain responsibilities. What are ours as students and teachers at Maumee Valley?

To me it seems that our greatest responsibility is to do, perhaps more conscientiously, the same things we should have been doing if this world were not at war; that is, to study how to be good citizens, to assimilate and to guard the culture that is our heritage, to learn to give and take gracefully, to be healthy, to conserve where we might be inclined to be wasteful, and to be happy without being frivolous.

May we be faithful to these responsibilities.

With best wishes always,

Willis Stork

FACULTY

Willis Stork.....Principal
B. A., M. A. University of Nebraska; Harvard University

Iva Beard.....Latin
B. A. Georgetown College; M. A. University of Michigan;
University of Kentucky; University of Chicago; American Academy, Rome, Italy

Hubert V. Coryell, Jr. .....Fifth and Sixth Grades, Social Studies
Harvard University; B. Ed. Boston University

Caroline Dickey.....Secretary
B. A. Smith College; Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School

Renée Bel Geary.....French
La Sorbonne, Paris, France

Mary Daenitz Hanson.....Assistant Secretary
Western Reserve University

Lorraine Haulund.....Dramatics, Speech
Bessie Tift College, Diploma in Speech

Charlotte L. Homrighous.....Kindergarten
B. S. Wittenberg College; National College of Education

L. William Johnson.....Mathematics, Psychology
B. A., M. A. State University of Iowa

Joseph G. Jordan.....Seventh and Eighth Grades, Shop
University of Maine; Boston University; Bates College; University of Toledo

Lucile Lewis.....Director of Pre-School
B. S., M. A. University of Michigan; Merrill Palmer School; Ohio State University

Christine Close McKisson.....Assistant Secretary
A. C. S. Colby Junior College

Marian D. Parsons.....English
B. A. Wellesley College; M. A. University of Chicago

Helen Rochford Pursell.....Assistant in Spring Kindergarten
B. P. E. Purdue University

Lester J. Pursell.....Boys' Sports, Science
Springfield College; B. P. E. Purdue University

Maryellen Schaefer.....Girls' Sports
B. of Ed. University of Toledo

Lillian Smith.....First and Second Grades
Buffalo University; Syracuse University

Harriet Van Cleve Stone.....Third and Fourth Grades
B. of Ed. University of Toledo

Ruth E. Vierling.....Music
B. M. Denison University

Anna B. Waldron.....Librarian
B. A. University of Indiana; B. S. Columbus University,
School of Library Science

Front row, left to right: Miss Parsons, Miss Smith, Mrs. Pursell, Mme. Geary, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Schaefer, Mr. Stork, Mr. Coryell, Miss Haulund, Miss Beard.

Back row, left to right: Mr. Pursell, Mr. Johnson, Miss Homrighaus, Miss Vierling, Miss Lewis.

Not in picture: Mr. Jordan, Miss Dickey, Mrs. McKisson, Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Waldron.

SENIORS

KATE PITKIN BANCROFT

Gracious dignity — Piles of college catalogues—Smooth graceful dancing—All night birthday celebration—Knitting needles always clicking — Learning to figure skate—A future female Mayo—But why did you choose Christmas to experiment with chicken-pox, Kate?

MARIE LOUISE DE CORIOLIS

Two goalie shin guards with Marie Louise dancing to the tune of *Teasin'*—Red flannels—Dancing blue eyes—Coal black hair—Too many doughnuts—Luscious pink and blue sweaters—Jokes pouring forth in an adorable Eastern accent, putting us into convulsions—Why didn't you come to us sooner, M. L.?

ETHEL LOUISE FRANCE

Student Council President — Perfect hostess to mothers and Akron girls— Uncurled black hair—Erect slenderness— Poise and charm — Ad-getter — Prizes for most summer reading — Breathless energy and speed—When can you dash around again in your snappy blue convertible instead of on your colt, Louise?

MARIAN BARBARA GILLETTE

Red hair—Freckles—Darling smile with the added attraction of dimples—Dreamy at times — Seniors' fairy godmother (midyear weekend at Potawotomi) —Getting lost at Grosse Pointe—Light gray Willys heading toward Cavalry or Ice House—Do you have room for one more in the car, Marian?

MARY GORDON HASCALL

Blond hair — Upturned nose — Petite and efficient—When there's a job to be done, you can count on Gordie—Removable nail polish—Don't drop those "specs" —Baggy sweaters—Popular with old and young, male and female—Where are you going this summer, Gordie—Wisconsin or St. Louis?

DOROTHY CLAY HIETT

Blond hair—Pink cheeks—Merry blue eyes—Sleek, blue Ford convertible blitzing up M. V. drive—Glamorous dark red fingernails—Setting Alumni agog by lovely features—Wants to be married by twenty-two—Where do you spend your Mondays, Dottie?

ALICE MARIE RATHBUN

Cute little cartoons all over the blackboards—A hockey stick rushing down the field, guided by the expert Brown captain —Rufus sitting as an honored guest in the senior classes—Two sparkling eyes laughing out from a perky face framed by curly, light brown hair—Going skating, Alice?

MARY GERALDINE TEIPEL

Curly black hair — Pug nose — Sparkling green eyes—Our dark halls brightened by her effervescent spirits—Wrinkled moccasins and plaid shirts—Green coupé —The lion with the newspaper mane— A suppressed giggle, a dash to cover— What's up now, Teip?

GEORGIA BRACKETT WIETING

Dark brown hair — Clear blue eyes, fringed by long curly lashes — A few freckles—How we envy that wonderful widow's peak!—Humming in math class —Senior dignity—Weekend trips—What certain Dennison student has been receiving mail from a certain M. V. senior, eh Georgia?

RUFUS REMINISCES

Rufus is getting old. His round beady eyes have become dimmed, his ears which were once soft, perky, and round are now limp and tattered. He no longer has a plump solid tummy on which to rest his paws when napping. Rufus lives on Stuffedpet Street. Only those persons who love to fondle supple, fuzzy, and in most cases, antiquated figures representing animals can realize where this street is. Papa Rufus lives in a little stucco house with his three cubs, Muff, Puff, and Ruff, who are just what their names suggest with a pinch of fun added.

One day Rufus was sitting in his rocking chair out in the garden, puffing on his pipe and snapping at the mosquitoes, his three cubs sprawled at his feet. Muff, Puff, and Ruff wanted to hear a story. They loved most to hear their Papa Rufus tell of the times when he was the mascot of the senior class at Maumee Valley Country Day School for Boys and Girls on Reynolds Road near Maumee, Ohio. Rufus had told them about his rides on the big orange bus and of his sliding off the seat at the driver's slightest pressure on the brake. He used to be carried by his arms, legs, ears and also piggy-back. (This was infinitely the most pleasant, he would tell them.) There were those sad days when he was left to himself in a dark locker through which he could hear the shuffle of feet, voices and laughter, banging of locker doors—really deafening—and sometimes a noisy buzzing. These tales they had often heard, but today the three cubs, Muff, Puff and Ruff, wanted to hear what had happened to the nine senior girls.

This is the way Rufus told his story:

"So you want to know what became of these girls. Careful, Ruff, I almost rocked on your paw. Well, now, that is a pretty large order because a lot has happened in ten years and I don't see them much any more, but I will tell you as much as I know.

"One girl now lives in a world of suspense, bright lights casting weird shadows, gleaming instruments lying in neat rows, white swathed figures, odoriferous atmosphere, and oxygen tanks. Back in 1942 this quiet unassuming and good natured girl was a hard worker and had ambitions. Maybe her consideration for others led her to her career. How was she to know when she fussed because

of a long biology assignment that she would one day be holding the thread of life in her control? Her offices are located in the center of a swiftly moving city—New York. Two weeks ago when I was in this city to get a new glass eye at Schwartz's Toy Shop, I happened by her building and decided to drop in to see her. Now can you imagine my surprise to discover it impossible to get to her offices? The ground floor was jammed with people. I finally managed to grab the sleeve of a clerk also buffeted by the crowd, and to ask him what the attraction was.

"'Oh,' he said in a bored tone. 'This is one of Dr. Bancroft's busy days.'

"Muff, would you like to get me a glass of water from the pantry? That's a good cub. Never mind the ice and hurry back.

"Well, speaking of water makes me think of a day that I spent on the lake last summer. A friend and I were sailing along at a pretty good clip, enjoying the sunlight and ducking as the boom swung from side to side. Suddenly we heard a splashing off the port side. I was stirred from my concentration of the sky's blue depths, and what did I see speeding by us but another sail-boat manned by a slight figure with flying dark tresses and dressed in white. I asked my friend whether he knew this remarkable sailor. He proceeded to tell me

that she was the champ of the lake and that she could show me a shining array of trophies won from different parts of the country. Then he told me her name, and I was astounded to learn that she was one of my nine seniors. Sailing seemed to me a suitable occupation for this girl, who is so sociable, mischievous, and gay—skimming over the water by sail-boat in swift, quiet grace, or dashing by speedboat in throbbing beauty. She is a person who makes quick decisions, always sees the humorous side of the situation, and if people were snakes, she would become famous for charming them. Her eyes truly smile and as a slightly pouting mouth parts, these eyes turn into curved lines. I often wonder how many people who have crossed Gerry's path have gone on with new zest for life.

"Ah, here comes Muff with the water—and cookies too! Now take it easy, Ruff—there are enough for all of us. Umm! That water feels good—my talking apparatus was all dried up! Now, where were we? Oh, yes.

"Last year in June, there was some outstanding front page news. One of the class of '42 had been at the head of an expedition which unearthed, down in Mexico, a whole city dating back to the Aztec Indians. Just think, Cubs, a whole city—undreamed of! I had heard before of her great prowess as an archeologist—bringing old records into the light. This girl has a quiet curiosity that surprises you because you are so unaware of its presence. Her sense of humor has no limit and that giggle—*infectious* is the word for it. If she went down the street, you would recognize her because of that saucy walk if not by the unusual hue of that shock of hair. If you should ever stroll out to the stables—you've guessed it, Puff. She rides very well and that is stating it mildly. The results of her prowess are pinned on a large board—yellow, white, red and blue ribbons, blues predominating. How she can sail over those jumps—horse and all! Within the next few years, I don't suppose she will ever touch a horse's back, for there is some talk that she is planning to make a trip to Australia for excavation—Marian, the great archeologist.

"Ruff, do you remember that book that I showed to you last week—the one written by one of the seniors I am telling you about on new discoveries in science? Just yesterday I went out to see the author at her home. Her face alight, both hands outstretched, she squealed a greeting in that familiar voice. We talked over old times, and I discovered that she had made quite a few contributions to the world of science and that they were mentioned in her book. During our chat, I could faintly hear children's voices, thumpings and occasional crashes. My hostess sat calm through these slight disturbances—quite a contrast to her former days when she was a live wire. No, she has not extinguished the flame; she now uses up the excess energy in her full life instead of in continual activity and speech, as she was wont to do. She has started a business of breeding horses and hunting dogs and she is beginning to be known for her fine stock. Besides she entertains a great deal (she is an ideal hostess—so sincerely sociable), reads many books, indulges in sports, and cares for five children—Louise, the modern mother.

"Let us go inside, my cubs; the mosquitoes are biting. You take the pillows, Puff, and you take the tray and glasses, Muff, please. Ahhh! This is much better—no longer will we be fed upon. Now, where were we? . . . That's right, I have told you about four of them and there are five more to come. I remember one day when I was at an art exhibition in New York City.

"No. 1346 . . . No. 1345 . . . No. 1347 . . . Ah, yes! *'The Dawn* painted by Miss Alice Rathbun, awarded second prize in the national showing of nature paintings.' Alice Rathbun! Could it be? '1220 West Park, Greenwich Village, New York.'

"I knocked on the door and a dour old landlady let me in. I asked for a Miss Rathbun and was informed that she was down in Rockefeller Center, skating. How like dear Alice! I was shown her studio and told to wait.

I knew that I should have to wait a long time, for Alice is obsessed with a wild passion for the ice. I wandered about her studio looking at her pictures. Behind one of them, to my amusement, I found a tennis racket, a swimming suit, and various other outlets for Alice's sport-mindedness. Since she is a versatile person, there were also books and doodling pads. I spied underneath one of the books a greyish leather-bound manuscript. I chuckled to myself to find that Alice still writes stories of Chinese castles, happy leaves, and eyeless dolls. Beneath this manuscript behold the *Weather Vane* of 1941. Alice Rathbun, Editor-in-Chief, Alice Rathbun, Captain of the Brown Team, Alice Rathbun, strewing the book with her whimsical little drawings, Alice Rathbun. . .

"A noise of dropped skates and munched carrots turned my eyes to Alice. Big eyes wide with surprise, hair flying, a grin emerging, she rushed at me and threw her arms around my neck in a big bear hug.

"That very same day I happened to stop in at a ladies' dress shop to look over the stock, and there I saw one of the former senior girls modeling clothes. 'No, chin higher. Not your head—your chin, Miss Hiett. Let's try on the blue chiffon now. Remember not to look down.' Rather astounding for a stranger like me to be thrust into the midst of a modeling school. Then she came in again, blond hair thick over her forehead, deep blue eyes trying not to look down, her beautiful complexion set off by the blue evening dress. It is patterned almost identically like the white one that she wore the June afternoon when she was graduated from Maumee Valley in 1942. Well, class is over for the day and Dottie takes her leave, but I am seeing familiar sights, for there are at least eight men coming in to escort her home. That smile that appeased even the most wrathful teacher flashes across her face as she takes the arm of that man with the Yale pipe. But to my surprise, I see a blue convertible Ford zoom out of a parking place leaving me behind remembering the days when Hiett just didn't have room for ten people, but took them anyway.

"Last year I went to Detroit to see the president of a large banking concern. I was amazed to see, when I entered Mr. Nash's office, one of the class of '42 typing efficiently behind a little wooden railing. She gave me a cheery smile and rang the buzzer to inform Mr. Nash of my presence. I told Mr. Nash that I knew his little secretary, and he brightened immediately, eager to tell me all her good qualities.

"'She is exacting, quick, and has a charming personality. She has executive ability—in fact, I am thinking of turning over to her the management of this whole department.'

"Those were his very words. After our business was finished, I stopped to talk to my friend. I discovered that she was also teaching swimming and was fast becoming known in Detroit for her skill in teaching other sports. Well, you remember my telling you that she was captain of the Browns her senior year at Maumee Valley. She also had a job teaching Sunday School. Managing in general and children in particular seemed to be her

specialty. Maybe she intends to make it a lifetime job, for I saw in the paper two months ago that she was engaged to a gentleman from Seattle, Washington. The littlest of the nine, Gordie, will not bark her shins on life's obstacles—not with those sparks of determination, domination, and dauntlessness.

"Look, Puff, will you please bring me the album that is in that table drawer? That's a good cub, thank you. Ahhh, now we can see the objects of our conversation. These pictures were taken during their years at Maumee Valley. Well! Will you look at this one! It was evidently taken on the roof—looks rather dangerous. Who is that? Oh, let me tell you about her. When I was in the great metropolis of Detroit last week . . .

"'Cut!' shouted the director in my ear. I looked out across the stage at one of the former seniors who used to tweak my ears and toss me into the air. Now she was carrying on an animated conversation with the director, making those familiar gesticulations. Here was another play in the making which would create a sensation all over the United States. The nation had gone wild over this young star. She is climbing fast to the top. But she does not push other people down so that she may rise; she pulls them up with her. Over the air and on the stage echoes the voice, wit, and charm of this talented girl whom we nicknamed 'Life of the Party.' Later on, I managed to have a chat with her director and he said that she also teaches dancing besides learning her script, entertaining, indulging in social life, and insuring the happiness of her husband and children. Wherever she dances, before long, the people step aside to watch this graceful animated figure execute such complicated steps. Remember that old, old, song, *Blues in the Night?* She could never sit still while that piece was playing. If you were to ask her though, you would learn that Marie Louise is happiest when acting.

"There goes the nine o'clock gong! What attentive listeners I have with me this evening—not one yawn from any of you! There you go, Ruff! I guess I spoke too soon. Let's see that picture, Muff. That looks coy, I must say. I can actually hear that laugh. It gurgles like the solutions that she mixes. . .

"Bubbling, foamy mixtures in long shiny glass test tubes, bronson burners, arrays of bottled chemicals, and experimenting tables constitute Georgia's surroundings. In the Chicago Institute, Georgia is known for her prowess as a laboratory technician. She was said to have discovered and developed the fifth principle of this new element called radio-xhydrogenpht. If you don't know what that is, Puff, you should browse through the medical magazines once in a while. With her hand ready to select the correct bottle from hundreds, this conscientious girl works hard and steadily. In the evening she retires to her home to prepare a dinner of the best caliber for her husband and two children. The spare time that she finds is spent in drawing advertisements for a millinery shop near her home. I remember a sketch that she did of her father. It was very good. What was that, Ruff? Oh, yes, you are right, my boy. Georgia Brackett is the girl who gave such a remarkable skiing exhibition at Sun Valley, two years ago. My yes, that was wonderful to see. I think she received a medal of some sort. Now we shall leave Georgia in the dim light of her laboratory on whose east wall is the shadow of a Grecian profile.

"And there I have told you the present occupations of those nine senior girls who graduated from Maumee Valley in 1942. I wonder what their ambitions were when they were seniors and whether they have been realized. Who knows? Off to bed we go. Scamper now, and if you hurry, Papa Rufus will bring you each some biscuits and honey."

SENIOR PERSONALITIES

(From the *Personality Inventory* by Robert J. Bernreuter, a test taken by the seniors, we publish some of the more revealing answers.)

Do you ever daydream in class?

It's a wonderful place to think about those moonlight sails—*Gerry Teipel*

Do you crave a nice shiny limousine?

Not while little Willy will still get me to school sometime in the morning—*Marian Gillette*

Are you troubled with shyness?

I *never* have a thing to say—*Marie Louise deCoriolis*

Would you give up a summer at your lake for a session at summer school?

Not unless the canoe suddenly springs a leak—*Georgia Wieting*

Do you ever have spells of dizziness?

Definitely—when it comes to flying cadets—*Kate Bancroft*

Do you feel marriage is essential to your future happiness?

Oh, heavens yes—I can't *live* without getting married and having children—*Louise France*

Do you prefer a dance to a play?

I'll take the music and skating at the ice house—*Alice Rathbun*

Do you get spells of homesickness?

Not for home, but for Saint Louis and those divine people—*Gordie Hascall*

Do you feel reticent about meeting people?

Yes, teachers on my Mondays off—*Dorothy Hiett*

SENIOR DOG POUND

Saint Bernard ..... Marie Louise de Coriolis
Irish Setter ..... Marian Gillette
Wire-haired Fox Terrier ..... Gerry Teipel
Pekingese ..... Gordie Hascall
Wolfhound ..... Dottie Hiett
Collie ..... Georgia Wieting
Spaniel ..... Kate Bancroft
Doberman Pincher ..... Louise France
English Bulldog ..... Alice Rathbun

Upper School

Left to right: Marie Grubb, Phyllis Gould, Colette Geary, Natalie Buckhout, Laurie Ann Orr.

WEATHER VANE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Laurie Ann Orr
Business Manager.....Colette Geary
Literary Editor.....Phyllis Gould
Feature Editor.....Marie Grubb
Photography Manager.....Natalie Buckhout

JUNIORS

Left to right: Nancy Wall, Marilyn Beidler, Betty Jay, Boots Johnston, Ford Bennett, Sue Stone, Martha Wolfe, Betty Dee Morris.
Not in picture: Luette Goodbody, Chellis Carney, Christine Taylor.

Marilyn Beidler
Ford Bennett
Chellis Carney
Luette Goodbody
Betty Jay
Mary Hunter Johnston
Elizabeth Morris
Suzanne Stone
Christine Taylor
Nancy Wall
Martha Wolfe

SOPHOMORES

Standing: Donna Coy, Betty Jordan, Clint Mauk, Bill Clark.
Sitting: Alfred Reiser, Jim Hendrickson.

William Clark
Donna Coy
James Hendrickson
Betty Jordan
Clinton Mauk

FRESHMEN

Left to right: Nancy Boeschenstein, Harriet Levis, Marian Wieting, Robin Foley, Mary Blair Buggie, Barbara Jordan, Jon Ayers, Chuck Johnson, Bob Mauk, Tom Adkins. *Not in picture*: Clair Berdan, Shermie Walbridge, Margaret Rose Patterson.

Thomas Adkins
Jon Ayers
Clair Berdan
Nancy Boeschenstein
Mary Blair Buggie
Robin Foley
Charles Johnson
Barbara Jordan
Harriet Levis
Robert Mauk
Margaret Rose Patterson
Mary Sherman Walbridge
Marian Wieting

EIGHTH GRADE

Left to right: Sonny Betz, Margaret Kinsey, Carol MacNichol, Eleanor Hollister, Fritz Wolfe, Bill Ajemian, Jim Nordhoff, Mr. Pursell, Gloria Prudden.
Not in picture: Betty Bentley, Frederick Buggie, Albert Patterson.

William Ajemian
Betty Bentley
Roscoe Betz
Frederick Buggie
Eleanor Hollister
Margaret Kinsey
Carol MacNichol
James Nordhoff
Albert Patterson
Gloria Prudden
Frederick Wolfe

SEVENTH GRADE

IN A DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM

The door is forbidding, the lettered name impressive, the hall deathly silent. We open the door, a gong sounds. Everyone looks up as we are standing surveying the choice of chairs. The "comfortable" chairs are, of course, taken. The straight-backed chairs gape at us with a dejected air, begging us to honor them by sitting on their laps. Answering the plea, there being no alternative, we settle down to enjoy a nice magazine.

The mysterious door marked PRIVATE opens and produces the nurse in a uniform as crispy and white as celery. With entirely too much bottled rosiness on her cheeks, she has seen her eighteenth birthday come and go. She crackles a crisp, "Good afternoon—ah—Miss—ah, the doctor will see you shortly." With a frigid smile she disappears through that mysterious aperture.

Let us revert to the magazines. Now, this subject is destined to be dull because the magazines themselves are dull. We have *Hygeia, The Open Road for Boys,* and others, very unexciting literature and equally edifying. Further inspection draws our eyes to the bookcase. This holds twenty volumes of *The Study of Anatomy in the Seventeenth Century and Its Advancement,* a few volumes on *The Correct Setting of Bones,* and other such reading, which is quite discouraging to a connoisseur of the funnies like us.

We turn to our fellow sufferers. This is our daily character analysis; having taken two months of psychology, we are allowed that privilege. *A droite,* we find a woman carefully studying an intriguing book on astrology. She is smoking incessantly, the smoke rising to her eyes, making her squint and then, unfortunately, coming our way. We dislike smoke and, disliking smoke as much as we do, we are prejudiced against this particular smoker.

Beyond our offensive neighbor we have a very tawdry woman, wearing an abundance of lipstick, rouge, etc. Her color scheme in clothes is enough to nauseate even the strong and virile. For want of something better to do, she is applying an extra inch to the already adequate two inches of powder on her face.

Next are a little boy and his mother. This child is not what you, dear reader, expect. He is not running around peering into everyone's face; he is not pulling at the large bandage on his thin little arm. On the contrary, like everyone else, he is sitting quietly, every now and then swinging his spindly legs. He glances at the picture hanging on the wall of the doctor's boy and girl, who are both so husky and healthy looking. We almost imagine that we see a look of envy in his eyes, his eyes which are so glassy and lifeless. His mother is beside him, silently waiting.

Our last subject is a large man with a hound-dog look—you know that famous English hound-dog look—accompanied by a drooping mustache. He is engrossed in a beautifully bound book, which, we are sure, must be from the ancestral library in the ancestral manor. We are assuming, of course, that he is English. We should be quite disillusioned if he were a Texas oil magnate. In either case, it is doubtful whether he would be sitting in the anteroom of a general practitioner in Toledo. However, my imagination insists that he is a British statesman. We are wondering whether all these people are physically unhealthy or mentally disturbed. We decide upon the latter, because this presents a problem which we might try to solve. Let us begin.

The woman at my right, still smoking, is too dependent upon her stars; she worries from one day to the next as a result of the fatal oracle of the zodiac which states, "Disaster approaching." Our lady of the mask-like face is having husband trouble—no mask could obscure that. The little boy and his mother come nearer to our hearts than anyone else. She wants her little boy to go to the country and to see what a cow is besides the letters c-o-w. She wants him to become strong and healthy as his father was before the horrible disaster. Our

Englishman is worried about his country, his people, his family, and his ancestral manor. His dyspepsia is but a minor part of this one big worry. (We shall refuse to admit that he is an oil magnate because the pathos of our situation would then be lost.)

Could we not all pull up our chairs and have a discussion? The need of someone in whom to confide is the real reason for these people's troubles. We feel sure that this round table would cure their ills and eventually the ills of the world. There would be no more drab offices in which unhappy people awaited the wrong treatment. . .

A familiar cracking voice interrupts our ruminations, "The doctor will see you now." And so we disappear through the mysterious door.

MARIE LOUISE DE CORIOLIS, Twelfth Grade

CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE THE MAN

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. As we were cantering back over the road through the woods, trying to make it in time for general swim, he came ripping up behind us in the longest, reddest, shiniest convertible that I have ever seen, blowing his horn, which played a tune like *Yankee Doodle.* We pulled our skittish horses to the side of the road, and he sped by, leaving a cloud of dust behind him.

"Who was that?" "Where is he from?" "Let's hurry," were the cries from all the girls. General swim was completely forgotten, as a new man in camp was always a thrill and we could hardly wait to see him. Putting our horses into a run, we reached the office just as the object of our interest slid from under the wheel of his car.

He could have posed for an ad for *Esquire.* His attire was what a college boy should wear, according to this magazine, but does not, and certainly not what one should wear in a camp in northern Michigan. It was such a contrast to the faded blue shorts and gold shirts that were the general dress of the boys' camp, that we sat in our saddles like a group of bad mannered children, taking in every detail from his wide brimmed panama hat to his very clean white saddle shoes. His tweed sports jacket was the latest in plaids. The handkerchief peeking from his breast pocket was light yellow as were his tie and socks.

"What a let down!"

"You can have him; you saw him first." This was not our idea at all of a real camper and we all lost interest and rode slowly back to the stables.

The days went on and the red car appeared here and there on campus, but our first view had killed our interest.

It was the afternoon of the inter-camp sailboat races. We were out cruising around before the gun. The wind was fresh and the waves were very high, but no one had any fears, as only the experienced sailors were participating in the race. However, the unexpected happened. A boat with three girls capsized. Two of the girls came to the top immediately, but the third did not appear. Everyone was panic-stricken and no one did anything but one boy, who dived in immediately, and, swimming against the high waves, reached the accident in what seemed like a second. The girl was caught in the sails and it took expert swimming and courage to bring her to the surface before it was too late. You can imagine the surprise of all the girls when they discovered the expert swimmer to be the driver of the red car on whom we had turned thumbs down at first and whom we had forgotten since.

This was only one of the ways in which he proved himself a regular camper, and when he said goodbye at the end of the summer, dressed in the same outfit in which he had arrived, there was a sad crowd to see him off.

MARY HUNTER JOHNSTON, Tenth Grade

ON STAR GAZING

The other night I was star gazing. Have you ever looked at the stars? Oh, I do not mean to stand momentarily outside and scan the sky through the twisted branches of a tree while exclaiming, "My, the stars are lovely tonight!" No, no. Anyone can do that. But have you ever lain alone on the lawn on a summer night and observed those tiny twinkling specks in the heavens? Have you ever walked down to the dock on a July evening and stretched out on the last section and watched the stars burst forth? If you have never experienced this glorious sensation, do try it some time. Pick a clear night, not too warm, and go to the dock alone. Oh yes, alone, for it is then only that you can let your eyes and thoughts wander uninterrupted to wherever and whatever they wish. Now be sure to go to the end of the dock, for if you do not, the trees along the shore will obstruct your view. Do not sit down. My, no. You can see only ahead of you while in that position. Lie flat with your head towards shore, for then you can look out over the lake.

It was at this place and in this position that I was only day before yesterday. I had been lying there for—it must have been over an hour—yes, easily, for I had watched the first star slowly shimmer through the brilliant afterglow of the sunset. It had become darker and the stars resembled silver sequins hanging from soft blue velvet. The lapping of the water upon the dock was the only noise to break the silence—the peacefulness. Several minutes later I had been startled by the sudden appearance of thousands of dazzling speckles no larger than pin heads.

How tiny the stars seem to us—minute, sparkling objects. Some in reality are immense planets, many times larger than our own world. Larger than our own world—do you suppose those planets are like ours? Do you suppose they have mountains and oceans and deserts? Do you suppose those distant particles have human life as our world? Perhaps there is a girl on that tiny star over there who is star gazing too. But our world is so large. Do you suppose she can see us? Do you suppose she can see the independent, gay debutante in New York City out dancing at some fashionable club, or does she see the sad but courageous young girl in England who a few years ago was dancing also but who now is a hospital assistant, working amid bursting bombs? Does she see in the few remaining sane countries the scientists working for cures? Or does she see them hunting, perhaps against their will, for some unknown poison to assist bringing more freedom-loving people under their country's power? Perhaps she sees the fighting and killing in Russia, the concentration camps in Germany, the horrors of Pearl Harbor, the slums in America.

Impossible. How could she see all the misery and sorrow and unhappiness in this world miles and miles from her own when we, who live in the midst of it, are so often blinded by the gay, pleasant things at hand? But perhaps she sees better than we do.

Think of the stranger who makes his first call at your house. Picture scattered papers, unemptied ash trays and crooked throw-rugs, and think of the impression he is forming of your home life. After he has left, your eyes will suddenly open to the confusion around you to which you had been oblivious before his arrival, and you will declare that never again will you have a part in creating such a mess if you can help it.

That is a small thing, perhaps, with which to compare a world in upheaval, but if that girl on the far-off twinkling star visits me again, will she still find such an insane world?

KATE BANCROFT, Twelfth Grade

SUMMER VERSUS WINTER

One day, I sat in my warm bedroom and looked wearily out on the cold, frozen earth. I say wearily because my arms and legs seemed ready to fall out of their sockets after flapping and stamping so long to keep from freezing. My brain was suddenly filled with an idea. Why not change winter into summer?

I pondered for about two minutes, then went to work. First I took the sunlamp out into the back yard. Oh fudge, the cord was not long enough! I rushed down to the store and came home with a longer cord, which I attached to the original. Hurray! It worked! At the touch of a button, the garden was filled with sunshine! I took the deckchair into the yard and sat down. It grew strangely warm, I began to perspire. I hurried into the icy house and slipped on a playsuit, which smelled somewhat of mothballs. Before I came out, I made myself a tall, frosty glass of lemonade. As I sat in my chair again, I noticed that something was wrong. Of course! It could not be summer without flowers. I was so absorbed in my winter-wrecking scheme, I had forgotten to put on a coat before going to the store again to buy flower seeds. It was not until I came home that I realized why everybody had stared at me with such an odd expression. I scattered the seeds about, sprinkled the garden with water, and sat down to sip luxuriously my lemonade and tan myself while watching the results. Joyfully, I heard the pop, pop of flowers springing forth from the warm earth. The grass was steadily becoming an emerald hue. I looked into the air. It would never do to have a gray sky. I took some blueing from the cellar, brought out an electric fan, sprinkled the blueing in front of the breeze, and lo, and behold, the air directly above and around me turned indigo. Insects buzzed around me. A bird sang happily. Leaves began to sprout on the trees.

As I sat back and relaxed, I thought how fortunate it was that I had made this discovery. Why, I could make millions! I made up a reply to the speech that the President would give, thanking me for my invention that would make life heavenly for those who hated winter. Suddenly, I saw a threatening cloud overhead. Snow! I shuddered. It came drifting slowly down. It was so thick that the sunlamp could not melt it all. It came down faster and faster. Driving sleet appeared. At last, the inevitable happened! The cord of the lamp froze and broke. The blueing disappeared from the now gray sky. The flowers shriveled up and died. I trudged indoors to brood over my failure. If it were not for snow and ice, millions of people would now be happily sitting in sunny, warm back yards in the dead of winter.

COLETTE GEARY, Eleventh Grade

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC

The cold salt spray broke over the hull of the torpedo boat as the sleek little vessel sped along at seventy miles per hour, spreading its long foamy-white ribbon over the blue ocean. A job aboard the new patrol torpedo boats is no cinch. Tom realized this now as he looked back upon the stiff period of training necessary for this position. He was one of those gallant iron-hearts that comprise our "speedboat navy."

Its patrolling over, the tiny craft throttled down and eased into a camouflaged bayou. To the newcomer, the Philippines are a hot, damp, sticky mass of palm trees in a turquoise sea. But Tom had trained there for a year, and with the light uniforms and clothing, he had learned to adapt himself to the climate. Suddenly from the end of this seemingly uninhabited rivulet there appeared, as if by magic, a dock and a group of dock-hands. The little boat swung into its mooring for overhauling, and as our captain emerged from his partially protected pilothouse, he was greeted with sealed orders from the navy headquarters in Bataan.

After a half hour at home he left with the lieutenant to go to the barracks where the men were instructed in the special work of the coming night.

Dusk settled. It filled in all the hollows with a deep, rich color. The moon was obscure. A dark form slipped out upon the small waves of a still ocean. The crew was tense as they performed duties aboard. The wasp was searching for larger prey. The compass pointed north as a wee form purred across the dark waters, headed for that famous Jap warship rendezvous spot, Subic Bay. The tiny shadow of a torpedo boat was not noticed by the harbor gunners, and thus far all had gone as planned.

"Torpedo tubes two and four—FIRE!" Tom's voice sounded like thunder in the still night. Eleven o'clock, but all was not well. The shining blade of a spotlight cut through the protective black. Then a second and a third joined it in its relentless search. It caught a fleeing shadow, which could not free itself from the cold finger of light. In the distance great commotion was to be heard. A throttling of motors, the shouts of men pierced the peaceful night.

On the way in it had been easy to dodge the harbor guards. But now came the great test of maneuverability. The weeks and months of hard training would now show themselves. A spray of hateful gunfire raked the narrows where our hero had once so quietly, so stealthily entered. Now came the supreme test. Judgment was at hand. The little ship vibrated and shook as she swung to and fro in an effort to dodge the gunfire. A great spout of water drenched the crew. Our captain grits his teeth and continues to manipulate the cold, wet wheel. The water in the pilothouse is over his ankles and seeps into his boots.

But soon the spotlights lose their effect, and wounded but unconquered, the tiny vessel roars out upon the still, safe ocean. All is not past. The unmistakable light sees them again. They swerve and lose it, but only for a moment. Enemy boats, particularly destroyers, are looming up in their wake. Tom smiles. Even in this tense moment he laughs at the fact that their chase is in vain. His craft will do seventy miles an hour. He pushes the throttle in full, but he is not rewarded by the powerful roar of the motor. An engine-man emerges from the hatch, covered with sweat and salt water.

"One turbine ruined and the floor is knee deep in brine." This was a routine report and he returns to the heroic engine crew, attempting to keep out the vengeful sea.

Now the firing has begun and the enemy closes in on the crippled torpedo boat for the kill.

* * *

Our calendars are torn off for two weeks more. The scene is a small home in Iowa. Tom's wife opens a telegram from the Navy Department.

"We are sorry to inform you that your husband was reported missing from his last cruise against the enemy. We are proud to say he died in action."

The paper that night told of the sinking of a Japanese aircraft carrier by an unknown torpedo boat in Subic Bay. This was a great victory for the Navy but Headquarters in Bataan unofficially wish that they could trade that victory for a certain handful of iron-hearted naval men that help to comprise a long list of unsung heroes.

JAMES HENDRICKSON, Ninth Grade

NOVEMBER

Brisk November, herald of King Winter,
Blows on his trumpet, the wind,
And announces his majesty's coming
With a flurry of flakes.

WILLIAM CLARK, Ninth Grade

THE MAKING OF A BASKETBALL PLAYER

A pass, a dribble, a shot, the rebound, a pass, another shot, a basket! The whistle blew and we had another victory in the bag. A great team we have this year, I thought, as I pulled a sweat shirt over my head and started toward the showers. As I was thinking about the game next week, and how we could tighten up our defense, somebody started to walk beside me. I glanced up and saw Tim.

Now Tim just isn't cut out to be a basketball player or any sort of athlete at all. He is tall, too tall in fact—tall and gangly with long arms that he does not know what to do with. Tim is one of those boys that seem out of place in any kind of athletic event. In schoolwork though, Tim is tops: a straight A student. But the funny thing about it is, he does not want good grades. He would rather be high-scorer on the basketball team and take a D in Latin, than get a 97 on a French exam. Well, anyway, Tim has been trying to get on the first string since the start of the season. Our coach is a sympathetic fellow and puts Tim in when we have big leads, but Tim wants to be in there when the pressure is on.

Then suddenly remembering I had not said a word to Tim, I spoke to him. Naturally our talk turned to basketball, and we discussed our chances for the next game, which was to be the most difficult on our schedule. Tim warmed right up to me because he is a worshiper of anyone even remotely connected with the first string.

The week passed uneventfully until the day before the game. Then Johnny Andrews, our high scorer, with a fifteen point average, caught the flu. Without Johnny, our team was just five boys in basketball suits.

The day of the big game arrived. The coach was rushing around in a panic, trying to find someone to take Johnny's place, but he knew it was impossible. Anyway the game started, and he shifted little Billy Mann from guard to forward and put in Charlie Koltz as a substitute. From the moment the whistle blew until the ending bang, I don't believe I have ever put in such nerve-shattering time.

Finally waking up to the fact that the second half had started, I looked at the scoreboard and, wonder of wonders, found that we were only two baskets behind the other team. I knew that the good luck could not last, for two of our players went out. Tim leaned on the forward two inches of the bench, and, with a white face, listened tensely as the coach reeled off the names of the subs. The coach looked up and down the bench and then his eyes met Tim's. Whatever made him do it I do not know, but suddenly he roared out, "Okay, Tim, in for Mann. And heaven help you if you make a mistake. Now get in there!"

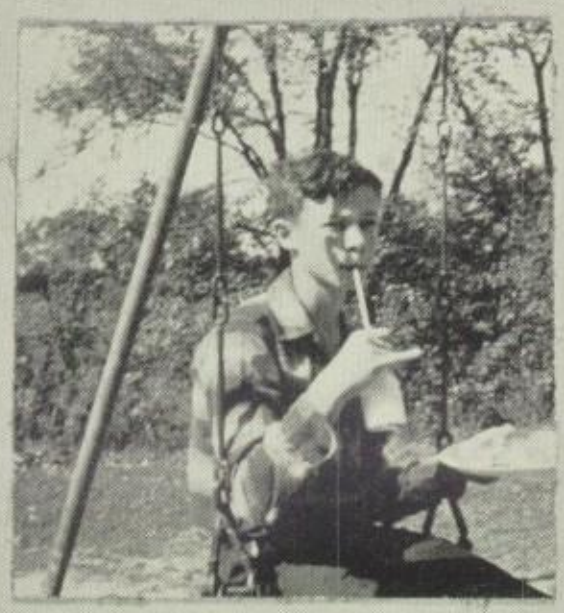
Tim almost forgot to report to the referee, so excited was he. And when he finally did get out there, I do not know how he helped our defense. Everywhere and anywhere, he was more hindrance than help to the team. The remaining seconds ticked away, and suddenly the score was tied. And then, a foul was called.

"No. 16 shooting two fouls."

No. 16 was Tim. Up at the foul line he was all arms and legs. The first shot missed the basket by a mile. He tensed for the second shot, let go the ball. It hit, rolled agonizingly around the rim, and dropped in. Then the storm broke. Cheers from everywhere for No. 16, whom nobody knew. The smile that broke across Tim's face would have done credit to an angel.

Anyway that game is gone, but Tim will tell to his grandchildren of how he won the game for Public School No. 6 on a cold, blustery day in 1942.

WILLIAM CLARK, Ninth Grade



BOOKS I HAVE OUTGROWN

A few weeks ago, I sat staring into my bookcase. The books were arranged in neat rows, their brightly colored covers forming a quaint patchwork design. As I glanced lazily over their titles, thinking a moment about each book, I suddenly realized how childish and useless they seemed. Why not simply give them away and start with a new group of books, books which would prove useful to me in years to come? Wait—that thought seemed vaguely familiar. You know the way something takes place and that eerie feeling strikes you that you have done or said exactly the same thing before. Sometimes you can place it, but usually you are left feeling slightly disturbed. But this time I remembered.

It must have been seven or eight years ago, when I was about nine. Mother and I were giving my room a complete going over, Mother throwing out all my treasured trinkets (mothers never seem to lose that particular habit, one in which they delight, I think). We decided to go over my bookcase and start a shelf which I should be proud of in future years. As I look over the shelf now, I notice a decided trend toward animal books; that is, ones about horses and dogs. How we loved and collected them! And evidently children of that age still do. I notice on the bus that the younger girls are always bragging about their newest additions and exclaiming over the marvelous illustrations. (More power to these illustrators who so deftly and charmingly depict the characters for you. How attractive and life-like they make the book!) Our favorite dog author was Albert Payson Terhune with his delightful stories of the "Sunnybank" collies. I still delight in his tales and faithfully read his daily column in the *Blade*.

Then, of course—no library is complete without them—there are the Madelaine Brandeis books—the *Little Indian Weaver*, the *Little Jeanne of France* books. How I re-read and cried over those! And how could any child forget the *Little Colonel* series by Anne Fellows-Johnston, the brave and brilliant *Little Colonel* whom Shirley Temple later immortalized? How I loved *Heidi* (oh, to be living in a hut on the Swiss Alps!), *King Arthur* (I was a beautiful damsel waiting to be rescued by my fair knight), *Mary Poppins* (I really expected to see Mary floating out of the sky, hanging on to her umbrella), Ruth Sawyer's wonderful pictures of the 80's, the books about women nurses (every girl wants to be a gentle, beautiful Florence Nightingale sometime in her life), the *Penrod* books (how funny Booth Tarkington makes youth seem!) *Caddie Woodlawn*, the *Little Maid* books, *Mrs. Wiggs*, and oh, so many more. I could go on forever designating my favorites—were there any I disliked?

Some books seem rather out of place. Among my prize copies of my younger days, I find Maurois' *Disraeli* (must I admit that at eighteen I find *Mary Poppins* much more entertaining?) and Castello's *Fencing Theory and Practice*. I often laugh when I remember the ruse that enveigled me into buying that book. At camp our fencing teacher was "Papa" Castello, a former Olympic coach. "Papa" took a special liking to Kate Mather and me. He told us we were the most promising pupils he had ever had and that he would like us to have copies of his book. Kate and I seized the opportunity. We thought it was a present, but changed our minds when we were told we had overdrawn our accounts. I wanted to throw the book in dear old Papa's face at that point, but instead he autographed it for me, and now I would not part with it. His inscription reads—"To my dear pupil, Mary Gordon, with best afection—" (he is Spanish and his English, especially his spelling, is none too good) "J. Martin Castello, Moss Lake, Aug. 19, 1936."

Did I say something about clearing out my bookcase, my lovely blue and white shelf? Why, never will I part with any of those books, those poignant memories, for they are memories, are they not?

MARY GORDON HASCALL, Twelfth Grade

"It was a dark, stormy night. The wind screamed like—" Fearfully I looked up from *The Corpse in the Purple Pajamas* and glanced around me. Sure enough, lightning was crackling and rumbling, and sudden spasms of rain splashed at the windows. Nice night for a murder, I thought cheerfully, as I returned to my book. "—like the cry of a woman in agony. 'Hark, the storm is growing greater,' said Lucretia. 'That was not the storm,' said Derek, squaring his broad shoulders and grabbing his gat, 'that was a scream! Mark my words, some one will die tonight, or—' ",

Or Simon & Schuster would soon go broke, I thought as I turned the page. "—or my name ain't Derek, the Phantom Detective!' "

Derek's misadventures were endless. It was not enough to have two maniacs (homicidal), one maniac (run-of-the-mill), a poisoner and a mad scientist abroad in the house; ghosts had been added. (Though it was obvious throughout that the whole thing was being personally supervised by The Fiend, arch-enemy of Derek.) I looked around constantly, half expecting to see a bloody skeleton with a hatchet poised to strike—one of Derek's lesser predicaments. But I was none the less startled, when I looked around expecting to see a ghost, to see—a ghost.

The ghost was paying absolutely no attention to me. He was staring over my shoulder, fascinated, at the book. An ethereal hand reached out and flipped the page. He continued reading, absorbed.

Finally he turned to me. "D'ya know how it comes out?"

I squeaked several times before anything came out. "I've—(squeak)—read eighty-three books by this same author, and it never fails. The butler's always the Fiend, in disguise."

He looked disappointed. "And I thought it was the architect—the way Ellery Queen always has it."

"Hey! How long have you been reading this over my shoulder?" I asked.

"About an hour."

The thought choked me, but I recovered. "Who are you?"

"Me?" He looked furious. He drew himself to his full height—what there was of it—and thundered, *"Napoleon!"*

"Napoleon!" I gaped.

He turned aside and tried to look bored. "I suppose you want my autograph. They all do." He was obviously enjoying himself immensely.

"Not just now, Mr. Bonaparte," I answered. "But tell me, what do you think of Hitler?"

"Bah!" roared Napoleon. "That Nazi salute—why didn't *I* think of that? But no—I had to stick my hand inside my coat. But on the other hand, *he* hasn't even gotten to Moscow." This thought reassured him, and he smiled happily again.

"I suppose you meet a lot of famous people as a ghost?"

"Famous people?" he waved his hands expansively. "Thousands of 'em. There's Hannibal—and George Washington—and, boy, Cleopatra!" He rolled his eyes heavenward and uttered a long, low whistle.

"And Caesar?"

"Sure—Gaius and I are great pals. Why?"

"Nothing, except that my Latin teacher has often wondered why he started his *Gallic Wars* with *omnis* instead of *tota*. She intended to look him up when she got—there, but it would save trouble, if you told me."

"Ah, yes. He's mentioned it to me often. It seems he did write it *tota* in the first place, but it was copied wrong in the Middle Ages. Some monk thought he'd improve on it, no doubt. Gaius often goes in and watches a Latin class—invisible, of course. He tells some very amusing anecdotes about it over at the Spooks' Roost. Great place, that. Best Ghost Toasties with Invisible Mananas and vanishing cream you ever tasted. And their steak is really out of this world."

"I can imagine," I said dryly. "But how did you learn English—and American slang besides?"

"You'd be surprised what you can pick up in a hundred and fifty years. I got most of it from the movies. They let you in free. They have to," he added rationally, "when they can't see you."

"But don't you have movies where—where you are?"

"Sure—but they're all second run from here." He seemed to remember something suddenly and looked at what appeared to me to be an empty wrist. "My, my, almost nineteen forty-three. I've got to be running along. And by the way, may I borrow that book? I'd like to see whether it really was the butler."

"Sure," I answered.

"Thanks. I'll come out to your school some time and return it." And before I could answer, he had walked blithely through the wall and was gone.

For a while I only sat. According to every ghost story, I would wake up from a dream and find the book beside me. But nothing happened. The book failed to materialize. Then I noticed a shining object on the rug before me. I picked it up and examined it. It was an old French button from a uniform.

All I can say is, I hope he'll come during free period.

J. FORD BENNETT, Ninth Grade

A DOG ARGUMENT

One fine day a bulldog, in a good mood, started trotting down State Street with the intention of recovering a bone. Now this was not, by rights, his bone, but he still wanted it.

Now another dog, let us say an airedale, was meandering down Second Street with the intention of recovering a bone that, by rights, was his. Now it also happened that State Street and Second Street were connected by a corner, and on this corner, or under it, was the bone. So, as you can plainly see, there was going to be an argument. Of course, one dog owned the bone and one dog did not, but that did not make any difference. There would still be an argument.

But, to get back to the story. They arrived at the corner and were distinctly surprised at seeing each other. Of course there was momentary silence, and then a continual exchanging of grrr's and ferocious tail wagging. Then it started—the argument, I mean.

The bulldog, being quicker at jumping in and out, began. Then the airedale attacked and there was a great flurry of black, brown, and white fur. This went on for five minutes or more and then the dogs seemed to stop, as if agreeing to rest.

The fight resumed and this time it was faster, and more hair flew and it attracted quite a crowd of canine spectators. Then the bulldog darted down the street with the airedale close behind. But just as suddenly as he had begun, the airedale stopped. He had remembered the bone. But woe to the poor airedale, for the gathering of the canine spectators had already found the cause of the argument and were gone. Well, that just goes to show that if you can not settle an argument peacefully, both sides will suffer.

CLINTON MAUK, Ninth Grade

VICTIM OF OCHRE AND EBONY

I am one of those people who decorate wastepaper containers that are kicked under desks and put in inconspicuous places. Wastepaper baskets! I had dreamed of painting beautiful landscapes, stormy seas, and famous people. I was going to have a studio of my own and my work was going to be shown in exhibitions. Yet here I am in my little nook at the end of a large department store, a nook adjacent to a peanut and candy counter. My shop is small, painted robin's egg blue, and is lined with shelves filled with my wares. In the middle of the room there is a good sized table on whose spotted surface are scattered bottles of paint, jars of water, paint brushes, rags, and baskets in the raw. The odor of turpentine, oils, peanuts, and stale chocolate permeates the room. On the left of the door is a large mirror, reaching from the cream ceiling to the wooden floor. That mirror makes me think of Mabel, the girl at the stocking counter at the other end of the floor. She is a nice kid and seems to like me. She is too plump for her height, talks a trifle too loud, walks with a slouch, and wears too much make-up. I can see Mabel now, looking out of the corners of her big eyes at her image in the mirror as she talks to me. She will probably come around this afternoon about three o'clock.

Today I have worked unceasingly from nine to twelve, and the desire to take a little snooze has so possessed me for the last twenty minutes that my eyes are brimming from excessive yawning. I shall spend thirty minutes in sleep. As I slouch down in my seat, stretch out my tweed-clad legs, and drop my head upon my breast, I can see yet the blur of a wastepaper basket that I have just finished painting. Its coloring of yellow and black dances before my eyes.

* * *

She was standing at the top of the hill looking out over the plains while a white fleecy lamb gamboled at her feet. The daisies and tall grasses waved in recognition of their playmate, the North Wind. This disturber of peace in the meadow toyed with the blue silk streamers of her large bonnet and made her full skirted dress billow out in front, showing ruffled pantaloons and patent leather slippers. At her wrist dangled a small purse. Both hands were restraining her long golden curls, which were shaking themselves at the playful winds. The sky was a clear royal blue and the sun's rays had the touch of Midas.

I was viewing all this at the foot of the hill underneath an old wrinkled apple tree, which creaked to the wind's rough tossing. I had been whistling softly as I whittled away at a piece of wood, but now I merely *looked* at this beautiful girl at the top of the hill. My wishes were realized, for she started to walk down towards me, calling her lamb as she came. Of course the inevitable happened: we met and soon were making shy but eager attempts to get acquainted. Well, I can not remember the color of her eyes; they were always changing, and her skin looked so soft in its radiant pinkness that I felt it might bruise if I touched it. She had taken off her bonnet and her hair looked as silky to touch as the inside of a milkweed pod about to go to seed. I guess it was love at first sight; she was the girl I had dreamed of. We swished through the tall grass, hand in hand. I told her all my ambitions about painting. I said I wished I might put her beautiful image on canvas. When I was watching her lovely profile, long lashes, winged eyebrows, wanting to brush silken tendrils of hair away from her face, she turned to me with a half smile . . . Suddenly she was as I had first seen her at the top of the hill and I was beneath the apple tree. But this time she was silhouetted against a bright yellow sky.

* * *

My dream girl is imprinted forever on the wastepaper basket that I have just finished—a black figure against a yellow background.

ALICE RATHBUN, Twelfth Grade

BIG GAME

While I was sitting in the library one autumn day, wondering what to do, my eyes glanced at the book *Frank Buck and His Cats.* "That's it," I said. "I want to go hunting." Getting my father's panama hat and his gun, and sewing the bottom of the basketball net together, I had all of the necessary equipment. I told my parents of my plan. The thought of my going a hundred miles away did not appeal to Mother, but with Daddy's help we finally persuaded her. My first idea was to take the car, but because of the world situation and the rubber shortage, I thought that wouldn't be using my head, and I was so anxious to use good judgment that I put on my roller skates and off I went after bidding my parents goodbye and assuring them that there was nothing to worry about.

Finally, I reached my destination, Peek-a-boo Forest. Within an hour's time my big moment came. I was sitting under a tree, reading *Macbeth,* a most delightful story, when suddenly there stood before me a huge elephant, miles high and wide. With a cool head, I hurriedly reached for my gun and aimed just as the animal was ready to spring. I pulled the trigger and—horrors, I had Junior's water pistol! I hit the monster between the eyes and he was so frightened that he jumped and caught himself on a tree. When he fell to the ground, the earth trembled so much that I was thrown into a stream about a mile away. Now I had to go home to get dry and this was the finish of my hunting trip except for the surprise we all had when we found a six pound trout in my left shoe.

SUZANNE STONE, Tenth Grade

GREEN SNOW

We left the Sawyer Memorial building quite late, perhaps about eleven P. M. At the end of the program, after the red headed "reader" had demonstrated her ride on the roller coaster, and a fat man with a funny face had sung *God Bless America* in a double bass voice, someone came in from outside and announced that the snow was terribly deep and that it was still snowing. Everyone rushed outside to get home before it grew worse, but outside they did not hurry so fast. How could they? For when they stepped into seven o'clock's one inch of new snow, it turned out to be six inches and not so pleasant. Flurrying masses came from the sky, and the so-called visibility was LOW. Happy surprises met everyone at his car, for when he opened (or attempted to) his door, he was coldly greeted by an avalanche of dry-wet, fluffy white stuff, unpleasant to his legs.

Nine of us piled into a car made for six. Away we started. A boost from the car behind us helped. We followed the car ahead of us. It went straight ahead—off the road. We went straight ahead—until we met the first car. Then we stopped. That made us only half off the right road. We backed, forwarded, pivoted, and finally righted ourselves. You may be sure we made good use of the shovels in our trunk.

After pushing for what seemed to be miles, we jumped in and rode a short way. Suddenly, while we were speechless with admiration at a little ditty Muriel and Lottie were chanting, we bumped a drift.

"Umph," said all the little children on the back seat, bouncing up and down.

"Umph," said Father and Mother and all the children on the front seat, bouncing up and down.

"Umph," said all the people in all the cars behind us, bumping into us and each other.

We were at the foot of a very steep hill, looking hopelessly up. We started up, stopped, and slowly, slowly, heartbreakingly slipped back down again. All the cars in the line followed suit. Again we tried. Again we were conquered. At last a car near the far end got a good start and whizzed by up the hill. As it passed us, the engine seemed to taunt:

"Goodbye, dummy. I'm a smarty."

More and more cars sped upward, each one seeming more mocking than the last. After so much of this, hope fails. It did then. It seemed like a bad dream from which one is trying unsuccessfully to awake. There was now only one car left and soon it got mad and went home. We were alone, pushing to no avail.

But wait! A light is coming over the hill. Another is close beside it. They come faster and faster, slipping, sliding, skidding down the hill! Jack is standing near the left fender, tired and exhausted after a hopeless push. Look! The lights are almost here, coming faster still!! They are out of control!! Watch out!! Jack!!! Crash!!!! . . . . It was awful. Where is Jack? He was there a moment ago. Oh, there he is, standing there yet. You see he had jumped clear over the two fenders.

We looked then to see who the culprit, or rather the culprits were. They were three frightened college boys going home for the weekend. They almost didn't get there. That would have been too bad. They were awfully sorry. You see, they really hadn't meant to.

"D-d-do y-you w-want o-our n-n-number? We re-really d-didn't d-d-do you m-m-much d-d-damage, d-d-did we?" (I wondered whether he stuttered naturally.)

"Where's our headlight?" demanded one of the boys.

Muriel obligingly stooped, picked it up from beneath the bumper of our car and handed it to him.

"Thank you," he said.

"Is there anything we could do for you before we go, sir?" inquired one of the boys, looking hopefully at the long road ahead of him.

Father thought a moment, and then, after winking knowingly at the rest of us, turned solemnly to the boys and said,

"Boys, if the police come through here in the morning and find my car here with a dent in it, they're bound to investigate, aren't they?"

Five minutes later three unhappy youths were pushing nine sleepy but relieved wanderers up the hill toward home.

BETTY JORDAN, Ninth Grade

KENNY

Kenny, the beach boy, sauntered along the sea wall, whistling the strains of the *Hut Sut* song slightly off key. He wore his faded blue shorts, which were tied about two inches below his waistline. His bare feet padded along the rough stone, which was so hot that only a native could stand it. His jet black hair waved in all directions because of the salt acquired from many hours in the ocean. His skin was a rich golden brown, much of his color coming from the tropical sun, not the race to which he belonged. His nose stood out vividly red on his tanned face, which was peeling from a seemingly perpetual burn. As he strolled along, his muscles rippled up and down his legs and arms, giving him a look of strength which the gentleness of his face belied.

When he reached the rack where the surf boards were kept, he swung his board easily to his shoulder although it was twice as large and heavy as he was. He patted the board as one would a dog or cat. Its polished surface was unmarred by a crack or scratch. He started towards the water, tagged by many hero-worshipping boys, who wished to be taken surfing. However today he shook them off and leaped into the water, his board underneath him. The instant he touched, he paddled swiftly out towards the big breakers. His arms moved rhythmically forward and backward, and every now and then he stuck an expert toe into the water as a rudder. His figure diminished slowly till he reached the other boys, and then he was just another black speck coming in on a thundering breaker.

LUETTE GOODBODY, Tenth Grade

FINE SAILING AHEAD

Lake Chautauqua mirrored the intense blue of a summer sky. Way out on the lake, the sails, rocked by the waves, dipped like seagulls. It was just the right kind of day to go sailing.

A fragrant breeze tossed Monnie's black curls about her face as she carefully picked her way over coiled ropes and between sail bags down the long dock. Her dark eyes danced with the thought of sailing with Perce. Past the boathouse where all the workers looked up to see who owned those beautifully tanned legs, past the row of naked masts, she gracefully hurried to the boat at the end of the dock, where the sail was unfurling.

She saw Perce's figure bent over a stubborn halyard. As she came nearer, she saw the shining perspiration that outlined the muscles on his arms and back as he hoisted the sail. His wavy brown hair was as unruly as usual. Catching sight of her, he broke into a grin and waved one finger—typically Perce. After finally reaching the end of the dock, she smiled her sweetest smile and yelled, "Hi! Skipper." He leaned over and, taking both her hands, helped her into the cockpit.

Then after casting off, Perce nosed *The Comet* out past the point, where the waves were high and the puffs were frequent. The white sails billowed like white sheets on a clothesline. The waves were higher than usual and when the bow slapped down on them, it sent a spray of water back into the boat. Dangling one hand in the water, Monnie looked at Perce's profile. He had an aristocratic nose and a very strong jawline and simply beautiful eyelashes. The arm around her felt very strong and hard. He was a real sailor. He was very proud that he had not ever overturned. Thinking how mellow it was to be sailing along with Perce, she sighed just a tiny little happy sigh. Perce turned to her, twisted his eyebrows and smiled a slow smile. She very demurely smiled back. "Happy?" he asked. "Uh huh," she answered.

Just then a mischievous puff approached them, nearer, nearer. Suddenly the boat started easing over farther and farther. In fact it kept on easing over until both Monnie and Perce were rolled right into the water. Perce came up first, blowing water and pushing his hair from his eyes. Then up came Monnie, her black hair perfectly straight, dripping water down her forehead and dropping it off the tip of her nose. Her red playsuit clung to her and with every movement made a wooshing sound. They both laboriously climbed over the side of the boat and fell awkwardly into the cockpit, righting the boat again. They looked at each other, threw back their heads, and laughed.

MARTHA WOLFE, Tenth Grade

DEPARTURE

Our train nudged its way through the maze of tracks at Southampton. Jerk-stop, jerk-stop, then finally stop. The refined-looking steward saw to it that all the passengers of his car had porters, and that the passengers knew in which direction to go to have their passports checked. Having performed this tedious job, we boarded the sturdy-looking tender which was to take us to the *Normandie*. Times being so uncertain, the French Lines could not afford the harbor dues of such an immense ship. The lines had to pay so much per ton and as the *Normandie* weighed roughly seventy thousand tons, it would have cost a small fortune to dock it. Instead they hired a boat to take the passengers to where she lay.

As the day of August the twenty-eighth, 1939, was mild and sunny, the tender trip promised to be a pleasant one. The journey would take about three-quarters of an hour, and it would be fully twenty-five minutes until we could

see the larger boat. We went through a channel where on the left there were country houses, while on the right there were sea-planes and an air school. There were little clusters of grey stone houses with low thatched roofs. Each had a stone wall about its little strip of garden. Peering from the window-sills there were bright red flowers in green pots. In the distance I could see a herd of sheep grazing in peace. A tinkle of a cowbell came to me, as the animal lazily moved around the meadow, which was fresh and green, a green which I have never seen over here, a green which belongs completely to England. England—that was my last view of her for a long time, perhaps forever. I am glad I saw her as she was—majestic, powerful, instead of in ruins. Gradually the channel widened and became a bay.

There before us I could faintly see the *Normandie*. She was very long and sleek, having two stocky funnels. As we drew nearer, her white paint glistened in the sun. There was a bright red water-line, then black halfway up her side with tiny portholes peeking from the darkness, then white with tier upon tier of decks. One was closed in with glass for those who could not brave the nipping winds of the Atlantic. In her side below the decks there was a large steel door, which had been thrown open in order for us to embark. The two ships now lay side by side. Passengers who were already aboard the big ship leaned over the side curiously to peer at us. We felt so ridiculously small beside this monster. With much shouting and effort the gangplank was placed from the *Normandie* to our little tender. Then we walked with hearts in our mouths up the swaying plank to the larger ship.

Inside all was commotion. Luggage was being carried to different state-rooms. We had to walk past a long line of little bellboys with smart uniforms and glistening buttons to get to the stairs. Now the trouble began. We had to find our staterooms and it seemed an impossibility. Everything looked alike—corridors, passages, numbers. We asked three people the way and received three different directions. So finally, haggard and worn, we leaned exhausted against a door. Then raising tired eyes to the number, we found to our great joy, that this was our stateroom. Opening the door, we were surprised at how elaborately the room was decorated. It was typically French. The colors were orange and black—the carpet orange, the couch and desk black, while the walls were highly polished orange with black fishes swimming about. There were beds, not bunks, and they were very low with orange coverings. All around the room there were flowers with *Bon Voyage* messages. Unluckily everyone had sent pink roses which clashed like mad with our orange walls.

After getting settled we went for a walk around the boat. All the rooms were too elaborate. I liked the library with all its shelves covered from the ceiling to the floor with books that were perfectly matched. The lounge was a huge room done in bad taste. The swimming pool was a green mosaic of an odd shape. There was a proper movie room with comfortable chairs. But the room that was the most magnificent in all that splendor was the chapel. At the head of the stairs a huge wall with beautiful paintings slid back and there before you was the chapel.

That night I went to bed exhausted, and dreamt about the England which I had left, the America to which I was going, and the black fishes on the wall.

CHELLIS CARNEY, Tenth Grade

OH, FOR A MOON!

Silently we peered into the grey cloudy sky overhead. Sixteen of us crowded the dock of the dilapidated old hotel, which was now used for the clubhouse of The Devil's Lake Yacht Club. We were eagerly scanning the sky for a big bright moon and a million stars to light our water path for the race.

A Chriscraft snaked its way between the boats and up to the dock. On the rear starboard side I could dimly see, painted in white, the words "Starting Boat." From her black interior a deep voice boomed out—

"Hey, Phil, if you are coming with me, you will have to come now. I've got to take a quick check-up on all the buoys. In this bloomin', inky blackness I can't tell how secure they are."

"Sure, I'm coming, Cap. Do you think the moon will ever be able to plow through those clouds? It will be rather dangerous sailing in a total blackout." With a plop I bounced into the boat and after waiting for the rocking to subside, we shoved off.

We slid slowly through the maze of boats and then opened up. A fine spray gathered around us, and through its blue film I could see the flickering, friendly cheerfulness of the lights from the cottages. Here and there was a black spot, where some tired vacationer had turned in for the night, and that yawning space to my right was the peaceful resting spot of someone's ancestors. Up ahead were the colored lights of the dance hall, its blaring noise mingled with the tiny tune of the merry-go-round. On my left the laughs and calls of a few midnight swimmers could be heard: the scream of some bather being thrown off the diving board or of an adventurous person tearing down the children's water slide. Now the noise was very faint as we passed a barren strip of marshy land, where here and there a forlorn cottage stood black against the grey evening. Lots of boats tore around, their occupants calling to one another as they passed. Once in a while the dim strains of a portable were heard from a small canoe. Again I gazed at the sky with discouraged eyes. Oh, for a moon! My kingdom for a moon!

At last, Cap had checked all the buoys and, flashing the rear spotlight three times as a signal, we raced to the starting point. Slowly the boats pulled their way free of the cluttered mass by the dock. As their sails gracefully unfurled, they pointed their noses to the west, where we sat rocking at anchor. With one last look at the sky Cap pulled his pistol. Its dull barrel shone in the moonlight—the moonlight! The moon *was* out! The grey mass of clouds was slowly pushing its way on and there peeking around them was the moon. And surrounding her in that lovely midnight blue sky were a host of twinkling merry stars.

Thus, with a good breeze and a friendly moon to guide the way, the gun went off and the race was on.

PHYLLIS GOULD, Eleventh Grade

THE OTHER ARMY

There's the Navy on the ocean,
There's the Air Force in the air,
There's the Army with MacArthur,
And the Marines everywhere.

But there is another army
And although they do not roam,
You can count on the "Civilians"
To protect us here at home.

CLAIR BERDAN, Eighth Grade

ON SOUNDS AT NIGHT

Which reminds me of a dreary evening spent alone in a house over one hundred years old. The family had gone somewhere for a Sunday night snack, leaving me in solitude to attend to my homework. Sunday night is a monotonous, dismal one anyway, and being left alone makes some of the strange sounds more noticeable. The day had been a cold, windy November one, and at three o'clock the fireplace had been the scene of a roaring red flame, which later became a pile of dead ashes in an iron basket. Somewhere, unseen, there was still life in those ashes, because above the deep breathing of my only companion, a medium sized black and white mongrel, a light crackle could be heard, and even now and then a tiny red light flickered and went out again.

While sitting there in the quiet room, I could hear the continuous buzz of cars, and once in a while the grinding noise of an enormous truck shifting from second into third after climbing the hill from the Maumee bridge. At seven thirty-five every evening the streamliner train comes through town blowing its new whistle, which, except in loudness, is not very different from an automobile horn. There are also numerous other trains whistling through at rapid paces, and planes enough flying overhead to make me pity the Europeans and realize how lucky I am. Of course there is always the music coming from the radio or the ding-a-ling of the telephone, which sometimes is pleasing and at other times, very annoying. If there is a breeze, I can hear the leaves on the elm, or oak, or apple tree branches swaying.

In any house the age of ours, there are bound to be many peculiar noises present also. The radiators and pipes, if one's imagination can be expanded a little, bring great varieties of sound. There is one radiator that incessantly utters the sound of boiling water in a kettle, and another one in the next room resembles so much the whistle of an air-raid that I constantly believe I should run to a shelter. Apparently I am not the only one to be aware of the squeaks and creaks because at the very slightest sound of squirrels gnawing between the walls and plaster, or whatever it may be, falling in pieces to I know not where, the sleepy mongrel perks up his ears and utters a little whine or a shrill bark.

While I listen for the sounds with which I am familiar, I hear many imaginary ones. When all is silent and the tiny red spark flickers, I imagine footsteps on the front porch or someone tapping at the window. The floor boards in the house are strong enough to hold us, but many times when the stairs creak, I have to search the house thoroughly to be sure they are not holding a stranger.

But at last in the venerable house, where the grandfather clock ticks slowly and rings twelve o'clock and the last red sparkle in the pile of ashes flickers, a girl and her mongrel sleep soundly, ignoring all the delightful and mysterious sounds of the dark dismal night.

MARY GERALDINE TEIPEL, Twelfth Grade

THE CHANGE OF THE SEASONS

December comes on like a slow, fiendish monster.
It sometimes hesitates, but it never stops.
It slowly devours young summer,
And frightens its mother, the fall, into whiteness.
But summer's young brother, the spring, has not forgotten her,
And he slays the monster with a blade of sunshine that
brightens the whole world.

CLINTON MAUK, Ninth Grade

"Willie!"

"Yes, Ma."

"I hear the stage a-rollin' in. Run and tell yer Pa, as soon as he's done puttin' the horses away, to come on up to the house. I got a cup o' hot coffee fer him, and supper's most ready."

"Yes, Ma."

Willie's father was the driver of the stagecoach between Portsmouthville and Ottersburg. Willie lived in Portsmouthville with his three brothers, two younger and one older, his older sister, and his father and mother. They had not had an easy time of it, not the Roberts. Most of his father's and mother's lives had been a struggle, yet they were happy. They had migrated to the West a short while ago, as Willie's father was getting tired of the East, where cities were springing up and the country getting settled. Besides he was a man that liked adventure, and he felt that the West was the place for his family and himself. Now he had got this job as a stagecoach driver and it was just to his liking. For the first time he seemed to be getting a foothold. The only real sadness they had suffered since they came West was when Willie's uncle, also a stage driver, had been killed by Indians.

Willie, most of all, was enjoying the rugged country, for he and the other boys, even though they had a great deal of work to do, found time for many new experiences.

Now, when Willie was running down to greet his father, he was thinking of how he would like to be a stagecoach driver. As he drew nearer the inn, he stopped dead in his tracks, and stood there, hardly believing his eyes. A lump came in his throat, and for the second time since he had come to the West he felt dazed and sick as he choked back the tears. A group of men were carrying his father, and Willie knew he was dead. Willie rushed up to one of the men standing watching and said:

"Who did it? What happened?" That was all he could say.

The man, understanding how he felt, said:

"Don't take it too hard, son. It was the Indians."

That was too much for Willie. Hot rage welled up within him. First it had been his uncle, and now it was his father. He wanted only to give those "Redskins" "a taste of their own medicine."

Willie reached home a little after dark that night. He came back to a sorry family—his mother, his sister, and brothers—their faces saddened, their hearts weary. Supper was cold on the table, but no one had thought of it.

Willie's own eyes were red, and as he looked at his family, he realized how his mother must feel. She had been so happy here, his father with a job, and things beginning to look better. Now with the younger boys and everything to look after, it would be tough on her. He supposed that he and his older brother, Tim, would be able to help her a lot, and probably both of them could get jobs, but it would be hard without the comforting thought of "Pa" whom they all loved so much.

Willie was still angry at the Indians. There had been nothing but trouble from them. He had wanted to be a stage driver. Now he determined to go after the job that had been his father's and here, he thought, would be a chance to square things with the Indians, who frequently lay in ambush and attacked the stagecoaches.

He applied for the job and got it with some difficulty and persuasion, as he was young for such responsibility. But the owners of the stage realized he was a skilled driver and had been trained by his father. Also it was clear that he was in the right mood. His father's killing had made a determined man of him.

He drove the stage for many years and proved to be even better than his father because the memory of his father lived with him always and made him

determined to get the stage through. During that time he had many telling shots at Indians. He gave them a "good taste of their own medicine," and his family was proud of him. It was always said around Portsmouthville and Ottersburg that if any man was able at bringing the mail through, it was Willie Roberts.

But then one day the group of people at the inn, who always gathered there about the time the stage was due, saw a sorry sight again. Just as in years before they had brought back his father, and before that his uncle, now they were bringing Willie in. Another bullet had found its mark.

Such was the life of the pioneer. Many were the hardships and dangers they had to put up with, but they could take it, and it was the sturdy courage of such men and women that built our country.

NANCY BOESCHENSTEIN, Eighth Grade

DAVEY MARTIN, FRONTIERSMAN

Davey was the son of a tough old backwoodsman, whose long rifle had won terror in the hearts of the Indians of the western part of Kentucky. Davey's real name was David Christopher Martin, but he didn't like to be called anything but Dave or Davey.

One day when Davey was about eight years old, his father said to him, "Davey, come with me into the woods. It's time you learned something about woodcraft and how to make trails and also to follow them. This is very important if you want to live long as a backwoodsman." So Davey followed his father, and he learned a lot before that summer was over. He could kill a squirrel at one hundred yards with the long rifle that his father let him use. It was kind of hard for him to load the gun, though, because he had to lay it down on the ground to reach the end. Then he would put in some wadding, then some powder, then some shot, and last of all more wadding.

About twenty years have passed now, and Davey is a big, strong, strapping fellow of about twenty-eight years. As we find him now, he is busy cleaning out his rifle at Fort Smith, which is the last soldiered fort west of the Mississippi. He is about to leave on an expedition to California. He is talking with Jacob Laramie, his best friend, who is also going on the trip with Dave.

As the sun comes up the next morning, we see the caravan start out over the trail to California. The caravan is made up of many Conestoga wagons, which are actually boxes with frames on top and some canvas covering the frame. They are driven by oxen, horses, and sometimes mules. The cattle are driven beside the wagon. The wagons all go together because the Indians will not attack them so much if they stick together. At night the wagons are placed in a circle and guards are placed on all sides. On this particular night nothing happens. Then, after they are deep in the Apache territory, the Indians attack. This is Davey's night to be on guard. As he watches far into the night, he becomes drowsy. He talks to Jacob, one of the other guards, to keep himself awake. Suddenly, he hears a grunted whisper. Then he sees an Indian brave, covered with war paint. He shouts the alarm. "The Indians are coming now. Everybody get up and help fight them." The women and children load the guns and hand them to the men. After they are fired, they are handed back to the women. Sometimes the women even fight themselves. Finally the Indians are beaten off, and the casualties are counted. The next morning the caravan moves on, but there are a few who remain behind, marked by small mounds and simple, wooden crosses. After a week or two the party crosses the Rocky Mountains, and finally Davey pulls Jacob's arm and cries, "Look, Jake, there's California!" And so it was. After many weeks of driving through treacherous Indian country, over mountains and across plains, the caravan had finally reached its destination, the beautiful valley of California.

JON AYERS, Eighth Grade

MONDAY MORNING ENGLISH CLASS

Yawn—Morning, Miss Parsons. Yes, thank you, I had a super weekend. I look it? Well, yes, I do feel a little tired.

Hey, M. L., I've got something ghastly to tell you! Sit over here. You think you know? Oh, that! It's much worse. Now promise you won't tell a soul?

What did you say, Marian? My hair? And I just washed it Thursday, too. Yours looks awfully nice. What happened?

Just a minute, Miss Parsons. Honestly, I spent all day Sunday writing that theme and it must be here somewhere. Oh, goodness, after copying it last night, I must have forgotten to put it in my notebook. I'm awfully sorry, but I really did it, Miss Parsons. Now don't say a word, Louise. You don't know a thing about it; you were out with Horace all afternoon.

Oh, Alice, when did you get the letter? Is it from the sergeant? Let me read it next period. Well, all right, I get it after Kate then. He sent his picture? Where is it? You didn't bring it to school—oh, Rathbun!

Pardon, Miss Parsons? My corrected test? Eek! I just knew there was something else I had to do. I'll do it my next study hall. Please, Miss Parsons, don't look at me like that. I really have good intentions.

Oh, yes, M. L.! Well, remember Saturday night at the party what Tom said? You don't? Now you're being difficult! You know—when about six of us got in our little hash party? Yes, finally the dawn comes, well—

I didn't quite understand the last part of that assignment. Would you mind repeating? Why, of course I was listening, Miss Parsons! Oh, really, do you think we can do that all tonight? And you know yourself, you'd hate to miss the good play at the Paramount. Oh, you're an angel, Miss Parsons! I'll remember this as long as I live, (to Dottie) which won't be long, after I have to write that theme tonight.

By the way, Dottie, look at this list I made out for going to Potawatomi. The only thing is, I'm afraid Gordie might have a better time with someone like Jack. Oh, now where is it? I saw it when pretending to find my theme.

Yes, Miss Parsons? Oh, nothing. I was just telling Dottie I knew I had my paper here somewhere.

Ah, here is the list! And we've really got to hurry and get our rooms or we'll never go. Why don't we get the class together in free period? Yes, I asked him, and he said he'd love to take Georgia.

Oh, I can answer that, Miss Parsons! Sinclair Lewis satirizes the mercenary type of person mostly as (s'cuse me, I mean like) Irv Walters and Pickerbaugh.

What M. L.? Yes, well, later I was talking to George about what Tom said and he told me—now promise you won't say anything—oh, the bell! Well, sit in back in biology with me and I will tell you.

Good-bye, Miss Parsons, and I'll have my test corrected in no time at all. Oh, yes, I'll do it well, don't worry.

Hey, Kate, have you read Alice's letter yet?

M. G. T.

AN INSIDE VIEW

You learn my true character in the early morning when you happen to see my room. The bed is a huge mound of covers which are rumpled and warm. One pillow is lying on the floor, where I must have thrown it during the exciting part of my dream, while the other has been pounded into small hills and valleys. On the floor are two bedroom slippers, once white, now grey. Beside these are a plate scattered with cake crumbs and smeared with chocolate icing, and a glass which once held lemonade. The radiator is strewn with books piled uncertainly, one on top of the other. The dressing table is sprayed with a fine dust of powder, which looks like white paint. It is littered with small articles cast off the day before. A kleenex dabbed with lipstick hides my ring, and my watch weights down the Latin paper I was working on in bed. My pen, surrounded by a widening ink stain, is lying on the white cover. The mirror is grimy so that my face is disfigured by many fingerprints. My clothes have been flung at random about the room. My skirt and sweater landed in the chair and on these sleep my two teddy bears and a doll. A bedspread has been dumped carelessly on these idols, giving them a queer, unwanted look. Thus, you can see what a shock I get as I tumble out at 7:10 A. M.

MARILYN BEIDLER, Tenth Grade

HOW I GOT MY NAME

My grandmother's name is Virginia,
My mother's is the same,
And when I came into the world,
That was to be my name.

Mother thought it was lovely.
Grandmother puffed up and smiled,
But Daddy said Virginia again
Would drive a man just wild.

The family held a meeting,
Virginia was yes and no.
They named me Virginia Robinson
Against my dad's veto.

This made my daddy angry,
And he swore by any trick
That he'd have no more Virginias
And he'd fool the Robinson clique.

That night with pen and paper
He sat up long and late,
He crosed out letters now and then
And thereby hung my fate.

Virginia went to nowhere,
Robinson lost its rear;
Robin I was and Robin I'll be
And no other name do I hear.

ROBIN FOLEY, Eighth Grade

TROUBLE WITH THE NEIGHBORS

Not that I think our family is too much out of the ordinary, but somehow we always manage to get on the wrong side of the neighbors. Since we have moved, however, we have had only one close neighbor, and complaints have been farther apart; in fact, there has been only one serious one. This was when we set fire to some leaves and the fire spread to the neighbor's yard. Of course this was accidental, but the neighbors didn't see it from our point of view and they got nasty.

But before we moved, wow! Mother thought our telephone was connected to the police station for all the complaints she got. Incidentally, Mr. Stork lived a few houses away for a time, but he moved. I wouldn't know why, of course.

There were three neighbors in particular that we were always in dutch with. For fear of getting in deeper I will call them X, Y, and Z.

Now X was a family of five, one child who was a first degree sissy and four adults. The child was bigger than the rest of us but didn't play any games, especially any game with any roughness in it. I beat him up once and there was trouble ever after. Of course we were always playing tricks on the family and they were always calling the police on us. But soon the police got wise and didn't come when they were called. These neighbors were for sending us to juvenile court.

Y didn't have any personal grudge, but she always chased us off her lawn and back yard just because we broke a few windows and trampled her grass a little bit.

Z was about the same as Y only a little crabbier.

As I said before, there has been peace since we moved, but a new house is going up next door and there is no telling what kind of character the new neighbors will have.

TOM ADKINS, Eighth Grade

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Many is the time that I've heard "Practice makes perfect," but take it from me, it's a lot of bunk. That is, in a lot of cases. Course sometimes it's O. K. and it works, but just take the case of Black-eye Bill. Bill's a sorta special pal of mine and I get inside information on all his doings. We've never had a fight, Bill and me. Course I take special pains to keep outa his way when he is mad. Maybe I better explain that Bill is the toughest and swellest kid around this neighborhood. He seldom goes to school, skips most the time, and Mom and Dad forbade me to pal around with him but they can't stop me.

Well anyway, Bill has licked almost every kid around here and he is sorta king. He is the head of our club, The Washington Street Wildcats, and won't let anyone into the club he doesn't select. I'm vice-president.

One day this new guy moves in our block and we go over to investigate him. He is an awful sissy-looking guy and we don't think much of him. Besides, he never fights, so we leave.

The next day sissy comes over to our club and asks to join. Bill, of course, laughs at him because our club is the toughest around. Besides this guy was awful over-bearing and Bill didn't like him at all, so Bill decides to teach him a lesson. He says if the sissy could beat him up then, he could take his place as president. Everyone laughs at this but the sissy says O. K.

Well that fight was a lulu. Bill pitched in in his usual fashion, but this guy dodged and tried to box him scientifically. We all roared at him and looked forward to a real licking. We saw a licking, but it was the wrong way around. Now our president is Percival (Slug) de Winfield.

MARY SHERMAN WALBRIDGE, Eighth Grade

January—Today I was munching grass when my owner, Mr. Benson, came up to me. "Horse," he said "we're going out west!" My heart leaped. I was going out to the great unknown, where horses, buffalo, cattle, bears, and Indians roamed the wild plains.

February—To me this vast open plain was romantic. Last night there was an Indian raid on our camp. Luckily my master took good care of me. I overheard him say to his wife, "Martha, good ridin' horses is hard to get on the plains. I'd better take good care of this'n." I wouldn't mind being taken to an Indian camp for a few days though.

March—Oh lucky day! Last month I told you that I wanted to go to an Indian camp. Well, last night I was stolen from my pickets by a naked Indian, and now we are traveling over the plains on our way to camp. We are doing a lot of hard riding, pausing only at night to sleep in buffalo wallows. It is now getting warmer on the plains, although we are so far southwest that we never were very cold anyway.

April—I have been nearly three weeks at camp now, only I have been so busy I have not had any time to write anything. The chief has chosen me as the gentlest horse and the best suited to carry his son, whom they fondly call "Little Chief". It is hard to think that boys like Little Chief, who will be six next birthday, will some day be killing men like my kind master. But a horse can't change the will of man.

May—I have a wonderful idea. Last night I caught a strange scent. It was familiar but I couldn't quite place it. Suddenly I jumped into the air. It was *my master's scent!* If my master was so near, couldn't I, under the pretense of taking Little Chief for a ride, go to him? Well, I am going to try.

June—Oh heck! I wasn't allowed to take Little Chief out today. The horse in the next picket told me he gets the honor for a month, so, darn it, I will have to fill in with Indian life.

July—We are moving camp today. Nearer to us now are the Rockies, and bigger now is the chance of finding my master. First of all, the squaws took everything out of the wigwams, then the men took them down. They hitched poles to the backs of the poorer animals and on them tied bundles. The chief and his son rode me.

August—My chance has come. I don't have time to tell about it now, so I will tell it next time. (Later) Now that I am back at camp I can tell you how I got there. Little Chief rushed into my stall and told me his papa had accused him of taking a wampum belt. He told me he was going to run away. He even brought some clothes. What luck! We started riding hard until night came. Then we went into a cave and spent the night. The next morning we started out bright and early. A few hours later I caught my master's scent a little stronger than before. Little Chief and I walked into the glade. He was so surprised that he fell right off my back! The rest was rather pathetic. Every night he came into my stall and cried himself to sleep.

September—The Bensons are building a big cabin, five rooms in all, with a huge kitchen. Mr. Benson is clearing out a big space for a field because they have to raise what they eat. Mr. Benson heard that his brother and his brother's wife are coming out before Christmas and they are going to build a cabin near ours.

October—Today Jack Benson rode me out on the plains to see if there were any buffalo around, for Little Chief thought he heard them last night. We saw a lot of buffalo. Jack said they were too tough, but he said from the looks of them their wives and children would be coming later. I felt him strain in the saddle as if he was trying to see something. Suddenly he turned me around

and rode me right to the camp. He yelled, "Papa, here come Uncle Paul, Aunt Alice, and Peter, Tom and Mary Jane!"
"Well, I didn't expect them so soon, Jack. Ride out and show them the way to the camp!"

November—When the family finally got settled, I learned more about them. They all took quickly to Little Chief. They were determined to civilize him. He responded quickly to their treatment and in a week he could spell his name. The children decided that he must have a proper name. They were very disappointed when Mr. Benson told them that in order to keep the friendship between the Indians and the white men, he must return Little Chief to his father immediately. He said that because the Indians didn't have any Christmas he would keep Little Chief until after the great holiday. He also said the only reason he was doing this was because Little Chief had heard them talking about how nice it was.

December—Today there was a lot of commotion in the camp. Little Chief's father, mother, and tribe all came to get him. Mr. Benson convinced them that Little Chief should stay here over Christmas. The chief and his tribe are camping right outside the field. The chief likes our position on the plains and is thinking of building a camp near ours. Mr. Benson thinks this is a good idea because he knows how fond we are of Little Chief. (Later) I just had to put this in. Big Chief has consented to live on the margin of our property because he knows we like Little Chief so well. He also thinks there will be a lot of hunting in the spring. So, with good news I take my leave.

BETTY BENTLEY, Seventh Grade

FREEDOM

The treasured thing of all the years
That lasts through sorrow, need, and tears
Is Freedom.

It caused our forebears grief and work;
Among them ne'er a one would shirk
For Freedom.

So let the flag unfurl again,
The glorious symbol wrought by men
Of Freedom.

Because of strife and pain and deed
The stars and stripes will always lead
To Freedom.

FREDERICK BUGGIE, Seventh Grade

Lower School

Sitting on floor: Tommie Boeschenstein, Peter Hoffman, Margot Bennett, David Martin-Tomson.
Standing: Pat Stranahan, Annette Levis, Jimmy Morris, Sally Jordan, Barbara Lennihan, Charles McKelvy.
Seated: Gill Jardine, Frankie Batsch, George Stranahan, Scotty Moore, Harriet Hollister, Jo Ann Johnson, Paula Secor.
Not in picture: Nancy Corbett, Mary Ann Merrill.

FIFTH GRADE

Frank Batsch
Harold Boeschenstein
Harriet Hollister
Barbara Lennihan
Annette Levis
Scott Moore
George Stranahan

SIXTH GRADE

Margot Bennett
Nancy Corbett
Peter Hoffman
Gillian Jardine
Jo Ann Johnson
Sally Jordan
David Martin-Tomson
Charles McKelvy
James Morris
Paula Secor
Duane Stranahan
Mary Ann Merrill

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

Left to right: Beverly Vickerstaff, Lynne Morris, Hutchy Lamb, Barbara Johnston, Sally Schrider, Jackie Jones, Jill Ford, Raymond Kressmann, Joany Bentley, Terry Williams.
Not in picture: Joyce Southard, Sue Thomas.

THIRD GRADE

Jill Ford
Sally Schrider
Sue Thomas

FOURTH GRADE

Joan Bentley
Jacqueline Jones
Barbara Johnston
Raymond Kressmann
Edward Lamb
Lynne Morris
Joyce Southard
Beverly Vickerstaff
Mary Theresa Williams

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

Left to right: Tom DeVilbiss, Bill Wetherall, Jon Deimel, Sidney Warner, Ellen Waldron, Finley Maxson, Dorothy May Baden, Jack Kressmann, Marie Bell, Wade Matier, Barbara Jones, Stephen Stranahan, Jackie Yaryan, Connie Hazzard.
Not in picture: Sally Loop.

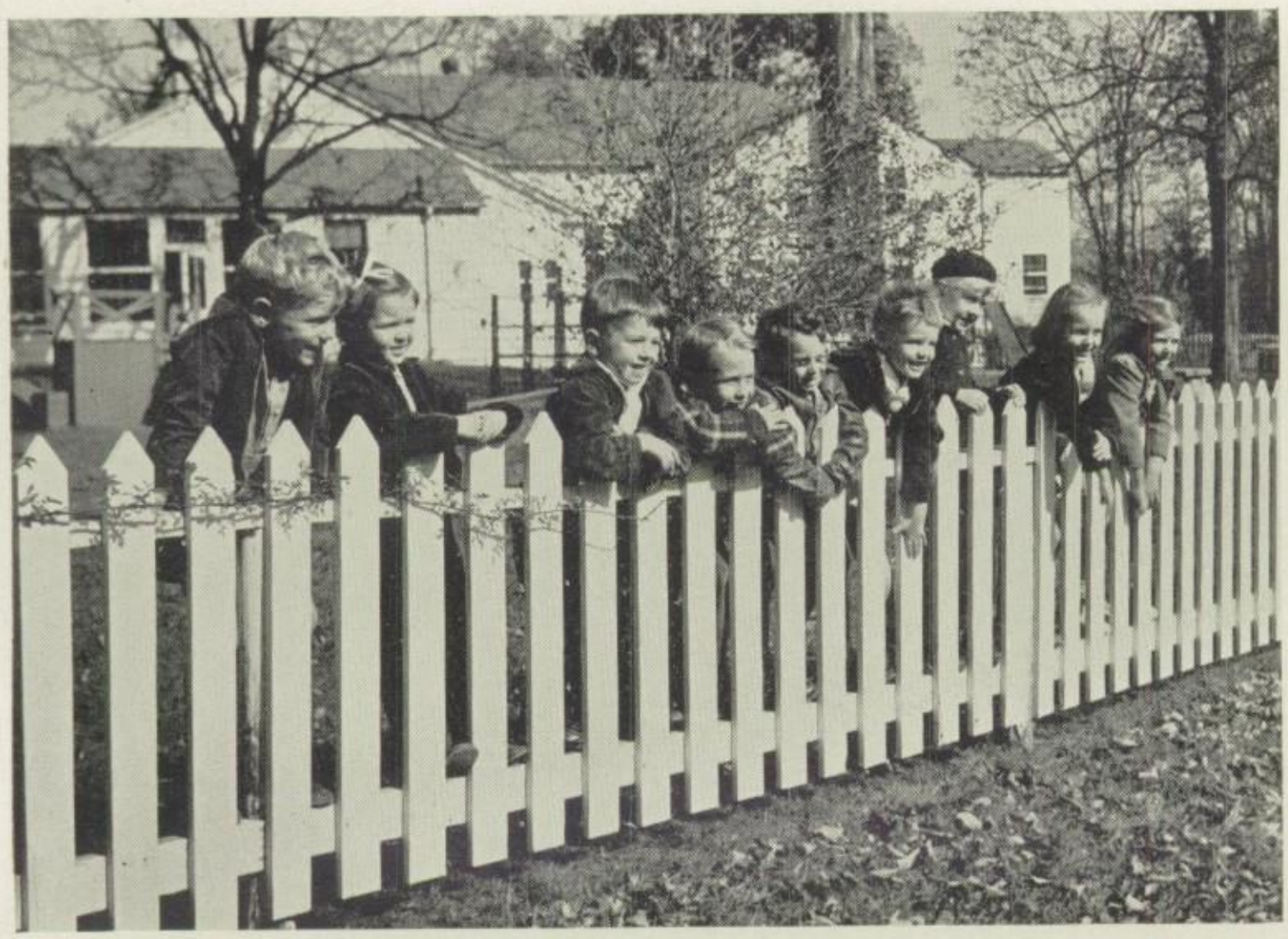
FIRST GRADE

Marie Bell
Jon Deimel
Constance Hazzard
Barbara Jones
John Kressmann
Sally Loop
Wade Matier
John Yaryan

SECOND GRADE

Thomas DeVilbiss
Finley Maxson
Stephen Stranahan
Ellen Waldron
Sidney Warner

FIRST AND SECOND GRADES



Left to right: David Johnson, Betsy Walbridge, John Williams, Andrew Harvey, Guy Davis, Marshall Kievit, Penelope Saunders, Virginia DeVilbiss, Sally Tasker.
Not in picture: James Stapleton, George Secor.

Guy Davis
Virginia DeVilbiss
Andrew Harvey
David Johnson
Marshall Kievit
Penelope Saunders
George Secor
James Stapleton
Sara Jane Tasker
Betsy Walbridge
John Williams

KINDERGARTEN

Standing, left to right: Janet Mather, Grace Ford, Carol Bentley, Carole Broer, David Dodge, George Secor, Jerry Tasker.

Sitting: Fritz Bell, Jacqueline Hirth, Penelope Cance, Fritz Betz, Ruby Yaryan, Kay Rathbun.

Not in picture: Tod Roemer, Jeanne Southard, Fred Hebbeler, Emily Shepard.

Frank Bell
Carol Bentley
Frederick Betz
Carole Broer
Penelope Cance
David Dodge
Grace Ford
Fred Hebbeler
Jacqueline Hirth
Janet Mather
Kay Rathbun
Wellington Roemer
Emily Shepard
Jeanne Southard
Jeremiah Tasker
Ruby Yaryan

SPRING NURSERY SCHOOL

Henson Jones
Melinda Mewborn
George Seney
Nancy Washing
Judy Williams
Michael Stranahan

NURSERY SCHOOL

SABOTAGE

In a small town called Brownton in Pennsylvania there was a big plant which was making gasoline for the army. There were five thousand men employed in this factory. In other words, most of the people of the town were employed in this factory. However, there were a few men that seemed to be engaged in out-of-town work. They seemed to be out of the fun of the town. For instance, they never invited anybody over for supper or seemed to want to make friends.

Nobody suspected these men of being spies but one old woman and a son of hers, who must have been about twelve and a half years old. One night about ten o'clock on a very windy and dark street this young boy heard voices in a house which many people had said was deserted. The boy, whose name was Jack Baker, stepped closer to the house and put his ear to a window in time to hear, "Tonight ve vill raid der gasoline vactory. You vill go and drop der dynamite near the main plant. Ve vill work so quietly that ve vill be able to der it vrite under der noses. Der dumbkoffs," he added not quite so loudly.

Suddenly there was a loud "Heil Hitler!" Jack hid in some bushes just in time. For out of a door there came a small man, carrying a box of dynamite. As soon as the man was out of hearing, Jack rushed around a corner, found a big club and darted down this alley and then another one where he came out on a road. Here he loped along until he reached the factory. Here he hid himself carefully.

He heard soft footsteps as the spy approached. Suddenly he rose to his feet and struck down at the spy. The spy ducked, raised his hand to strike, but Jack kicked the spy in the shins. The spy, taken unaware, stooped to rub his knee, whereupon Jack gave him a good kick in the pants. The spy landed on his head on a piece of iron.

While the spy was sleeping, Jack disarmed him and dragged him until he woke up. He then made him walk with the use of a pistol and a bit of persuading. He took the man up to the police station and told his story to a sleepy policeman. The next day he told the story to the chief of police. The next night the whole police staff was out at the house. Sure enough the spy had a meeting that night. The spy gave up easily.

A week later Jack got a medal for quick thinking and bravery. He also got one thousand dollars which he bought a United States Defense Bond with.

DUANE STRANAHAN, JR., Sixth Grade

DIPPO THE DUCK

Tick, tick, tick, the time bomb was ticking away the time. For Dippo didn't know there was a time bomb in his house. You see a bad, bad duck, called Arichabald, had put it in Dippo's house. Five more minutes and the time bomb would explode. Dippo was a very, very nice duck and everyone liked him. "Ha, ha, ha, ha," laughed Archibald. Boom, boom, boom boooooom! The time bomb exploded. And that was the end of Dippo's house.

Dippo was now a homeless duck. Dippo then came upon an idea. It was to get a nonexplosive chemical and pour water over it. Then it would do the opposite of exploding. That means his house would be put back together again. So Dippo tried it. It worked very, very well. This made Archibald very mad. He said to himself, "I am not done yet." Next Archibald took a big long pair of tweezers and grabbed Dippo. Lucky for Dippo he had grabbed a pistol out of Archibald's hand and took him to the jail.

HAROLD BOESCHENSTEIN, Fifth Grade

THE LUCKY DUCK

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" six ducks were flying around in the sky. They were Eeny, a girl; Meeny, a girl twin to Eeny; Miny, a boy; and Mo, the youngest boy. Behind the children, Duck, their father. and Ducky, their mother, came. They were flying away from some hunters, who were right on their tails.

"Bang! Bang!" Ducky fell down, a bullet through her heart.

When the children and Duck, their father, saw Ducky go down, they sped on with fear in their heads.

"Bang! Bang." Duck went down with a bullet in each wing. The children were alone now and that made them go even faster.

Eeny, Meeny, and Miny kept going on toward the north, but Mo went in the opposite direction, south. The hunters followed Mo instead of Eeny, Meeny or Miny, for even if Mo was the youngest one in the family, he was the biggest and fattest.

"Bang! Bang!" "Quack! Quack!" Mo fell down to the ground, a bullet through his right wing. The hunters came up and saw that Mo wasn't dead. Mike, one of the hunters, said,

"I'm the one who shot it, so I'm naturally going to take it home. I don't think I will kill it though because my son Jimmy would like to have it for a pet."

"Well, you had better hurry up then and take it home," said another hunter, "or it will die. You got him in the wing pretty bad."

So Mike picked Mo up carefully and took him home. He dressed his wing and then put him in a straw bed and left him there to sleep. That night Mo had a dream and he got up to try to fly. He spread his wings out and jumped. Mo fell to the floor with a thud and lay still.

In the morning Jimmy, the little boy, woke up and said, "Dad told (yawn) me that he (yawn) had a duck in the box yesterday and that I could have him. I think I'll go and see him."

Jimmy got up and went into the living-room. There on the floor was Mo. Jimmy ran in and picked him up.

"Oh, he can't be dead," he said. "I just got him. I think I should at least be able to enjoy him."

Jimmy ran in to his father's and mother's bedroom and woke his father up.

"Dad! Dad!" he cried. "Please get up. I think the duck is dead."

"Dead!" cried his father. "No, it couldn't be," and with that he jumped up and took Mo out of his son's arms. He then examined Mo all over. In about fifteen minutes he gave a sigh of relief and said, "No, he isn't dead, but he is in very bad shape. I don't think I had better give him to you."

"Oh, yes, please," cried Jimmy. "I'll take good care of him. Please!"

"Wel-l-l O. K. But be sure to take good care of him."

So Jimmy took him over in his hands and in one month you would never have known it was Mo.

Jimmy gave Mo a different name though, which was "Lucky." Jimmy taught Lucky a lot of tricks and he enjoyed him very much.

JO ANN JOHNSON, Sixth Grade

THE SKY

The snow falls down like dewdrops off the trees.
The wind descends to brush the ground.
A howling wind cries through the trees.
Far away clouds shoot through the sky.
It darkens to let you know that night is coming.
A cloud flies past.
Its soft white look makes you feel sad.

JILL FORD, Third Grade

A HUNTER

(A Story Told by the Horse)

You know, reader, I think I had the happiest life of any horse except when I was Mr. Carl's trotter, supposedly. I wasn't born to be a trotter, but Mr. Carl thought I was. He hit me with a whip so that I would walk on my toes for him. I got so tired of putting my feet high in the air that finally Mr. Carl sold me.

I wonder how many years ago that was? Let's see now—that was seven years ago. I was twelve then.

You know I wonder if I will be able to hunt today or anymore? You don't think I can jump, eh? Well, when Mr. Mason bought me, he gave me so much schooling that I could almost jump over the moon and Mr. Mason hunted me that year, too. I don't like brush jumps. Maybe it's the tickling under my belly. I always refuse them in shows but while hunting I guess I just don't notice it.

I can remember when I was owned by a little girl and she was always hunting me. Well, one day she wanted to get in front of the master and so she started kicking, and I started to buck so that she went off and broke her ankle and before I knew it, I was sold.

Ho hum, I wonder if I'm going to hunt now that I'm so old. Here's the groom carrying a saddle and bridle. I can! I can! Oh, I feel so happy! The groom said it might be my last hunt, though. Oh, well—

Here comes everybody. It's time to mount and walk around. I wonder whom I'm going to get. I hope it's that plump one because she can really ride. It is she. Now I can have some fun. The horn just blew, so now we shall really run. It's such a nice crisp day out and I feel like a new-born baby. The hounds have found a scent! There's a snake jump, then a chicken coop, and then a fence. Golly, those fences seemed high! I'm wobbly. The groom said that I have a bad heart and shan't be able to hunt anymore. If I had strength, I'd cry.

I have to go in that awful trailer home and then be put out in the pasture for good. The ride home wasn't so bad as usual. Oh! That rubbing does feel good. I wish the groom would do it more.

They are taking me out to the pasture. I wonder how long I shall live. My heart! It pains me! I guess I'll lie down for a while and sleep. This pasture is nice with everything—grass, water, shade, and some of the children come out and pet me.

Oh! They are going to hunt today and I shall just have to watch them go. A groom's coming. He seems happy. He has a saddle and bridle. I'm going to hunt. Oh, goody! The groom said that they had to use me. I wonder if this will come again. I bet not.

MARGOT BENNETT, Sixth Grade

ELMER THE ELEPHANT

Elmer was a baby elephant. He lived with his mother but he didn't call her mother. He called her mama. His father was caught by a white man about two weeks ago. Elmer knew his mother was very sad and he wanted to do something to cheer her up in some way. He went to his friend the lion to see whether he could give him any help. The lion said that there was going to be a trained group of elephants that were going to teach the other elephants who were from one day to two weeks old. By that I mean the elephants that have been captured that long.

"When will the elephants do this?" asked Elmer.

"Now, let me see. When will they do it? Oh, tomorrow at seven o'clock in the morning, and if you are going to do something about it, you must hurry."

"I am going home right away," and off he galloped home as fast as he could.

When he got home, he started to make plans to get his father away from the white man. At last seven o'clock came and Elmer started out. His mother wasn't awake. Elmer went to the place where the elephants were and there was his father all alone, so Elmer ran over to him and said, "Hurry while nobody sees you."

Off ran Elmer and his father and no one saw them and when they got home, Elmer's mother was so glad to have them that she had a monkey get some of the best coconuts for breakfast and they lived happily ever after.

HARRIET HOLLISTER, Fifth Grade

THE FOREST FIRE

In the Canadian woods a few days ago a forest ranger spotted a fire. Immediately he picked up the telephone receiver and called the other men and said,

"There is a fire on the south side of the woods."

In a few minutes all the forest rangers were there with hoses and shovels and TNT which might go off if they were not careful. The captain of the men said,

"Dig a trench and it might help." So all the men took shovels and began to work.

In half an hour the trench was almost done. But their job was not done yet. The fire did not stop at the trench. It jumped the trench and was heading for the men. The only way they could stop it was to open the dam and to let the water flow down over the hillside, but there was only one way to get there and that was to go up the road. But half way up, the fire was burning across the road. But there was a chance if one of the men would volunteer to drive a car through the flame to the dam and blow it up and let the water flow down and smother the fire. So one of the men volunteered to go. He got in a car and drove away up the winding road. It got hotter and hotter. Finally he came to the most dangerous crossing in the road. He stepped up the car and shut his eyes and prayed to God to keep him safe. Finally he opened his eyes. A few more seconds and he was there. He jumped out of the car and walked over to the dam. He dug a hole and put the stick of TNT in the hole. He lit the fuse and ran to the car and jumped in. Then he started the car. Just then the dam blew up and the water flowed down the hill and put out the fire.

JAMES R. MORRIS, Sixth Grade

THE WICKED CAT

In the deep woods, there was a haunted house. In the house lived a magic cat. His name was Wick and he was very wicked. He had big green eyes, and a gray and yellow mane.

One day Wick was sitting at the table eating lunch. He was very sleepy and soon he fell asleep. He dreamt that he could fly, and when he woke up, he found to his surprise that he could fly.

He practiced flying in the woods for a week. Then he thought of a wicked plan. He glided slowly and quietly through the air toward the town.

He went to the palace where the beautiful princess lived. The princess was in the garden eating dinner. In the middle of the table was a golden dish filled with apples.

When the princess was not looking, the magic cat flew down and exchanged a poison apple for one of the pretty red ones.

The princess took a bite and fell down on the ground. The poison apple had killed her.

As soon as he saw that she was dead, he flew down and stole the golden bowl and the silver forks, knives, and spoons. Then he flew back to the haunted house.

BEVERLY VICKERSTAFF, Fourth Grade

SILVER WINGS

"Flippity, floppity, fly through the air and find a new home up in the clouds somewhere," sang little Silver Wings, a little fairy child of ten with long golden hair, a long white dress, two little silver slippers, and a pair of magnificent silver wings. She was looking for a new home somewhere in the clouds.

"Oh! There is one, and a nice fluffy one, too," she cried. As soon as she got there, which was about two seconds because she hurried very fast, she jumped right under the first layer and went to sleep.

The next morning when she woke up, she flew down to earth and gathered some tall grass. When she got back to her cloud, she made a little broom to sweep the star dust from her cloud. From the left-over grass she made herself a jump-rope because she loved to skip around and dance.

Then she flew down to earth again and gathered some more grass and made some fairy furniture. After that she was very hungry and flew over to one of the cloud fields to see if she could not get something to eat. She was in such a hurry that she bumped into the handsomest fairy boy she had ever seen.

"Oh, excuse me!" she cried.

"That's all right," he said.

"Won't you come over to my cloud for lunch?" she asked.

"I will if you don't mind," he said.

"I will have to get it first. How would you like daisy petals and buttercup leaves?" asked Silver Wings.

"Oh, anything you want," laughed the boy.

"Then you go up to my cloud and wait," cried Silver Wings excitedly.

"All right," he said.

Silver Wings hurried down to earth to get the food.

"There is a good field! There are plenty of good daisies and buttercups in that field," she cried.

When she got back to her cloud, she went to her cupbard and got out a loosely woven tablecloth and put the food in two portions upon it. Then she called, "Come, let's eat." They sat down and ate the fairy dinner. How they laughed and talked! They had so much fun together that just before the boy left he asked her to marry him.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I would love to."

"How would day after tomorrow be? Would it give you time enough?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried.

So they were married and lived on Silver Wings' cloud.

JACQUELINE JONES, Fourth Grade

A HORSE'S STORY

I am a brave horse. My name is Chief and I am very loyal to my master. I am going to tell you what happened to me when I was out west.

One day when I was munching grass, my master called me. He said, "Here, Chief." So I galloped over to see what he wanted.

"Chief," he said, "I've always trusted you. A new female horse is coming. There is no room in the stable, so she will have to room with one of the other horses and I have chosen you."

I felt very greatly honored, so to show how happy I was, I put my nose on my master's shoulder.

The next day when I was out grazing on the pasture, I heard a noise that sounded like a truck. I looked up and there coming into the driveway was a truck. It stopped and when the horse came out, I was so excited that I turned somersaults all over the pasture.

She was a beautiful horse, sort of a golden color and I heard some men call her Isabella, so I turned around and said to the horse next to me, "Don't you think Isabella is a beautiful name?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I think Isabella is a very beautiful name."

A few weeks later Isabella and I were very good friends. We would romp around in the pasture and nibble at the soft green grass.

About two years went by and there was a lot of excitement in the stable, for Isabella was going to have a child.

Finally the day came. I was taken into the stable, and there in the hay were our twins! "Twins!" I said to myself. "To think my children are twins, Isabella," I said, "to think they are twins!"

"Yes," she said, "I thought you would be pleased. But what shall we name them?"

"What about Bell and Little Chief?" I said. So she consented and they were named Little Chief and Bell.

Time passed and our children grew up and were very handsome horses. Chief had a very beautiful mane and Bell had a nice long tail. We would all play tag together in the pasture. Now Isabella and I are growing old, but we still enjoy watching Bell and Little Chief play.

JOAN BENTLEY, Fourth Grade

FLURRY'S BIG VALENTINE

"Hippity hop, flippitv flop, I'm almost at the valentine shop," sang Flurry Snowflake as she danced along the sidewalk. She danced into the store. I would like a valentine for Mother," said Flurry to the snow-flake storekeeper.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but we have no valentines. They are sold out," he exclaimed to Flurry.

"Oh!" said Flurry sobbing. She turned and walked out of the store. All of a sudden the storekeeper called her back.

"I have an idea in my head right now. Why don't you get all the snowflake children in the village and get them to make one with you. I would help you by having all the grown up snowflakes go into the next village while all the children are making the valentine. It will be a heart made from all the other children holding hands together while you will stand in the middle whirling around, holding a sign above your head which will say, 'Happy Valentine's day to the grow-ups.'"

"Oh that would be fine!" sang Flurry. "I will get the children."

"Good!" called the snowflake storekeeper, but Flurry did not hear him.

Flurry went to all the houses and then came back to the valentine shop. "The children will come. They like the idea very much," she said.

"I just came back from the parents' houses and they are all out of the village," said the storekeeper.

All of a sudden the store was crowded with snowflake children, waiting to start with the valentine. They marched out of the store.

It took them several hours to make the valentine. After they had finished, the storekeeper got the grown-ups.

"Oh!" was the shout that came from the grown-ups when they saw it. "How beautiful!"

BARBARA JOHNSTON, Fourth Grade

THE CARELESS FIREFLY

Fiery was a firefly. He lived in a thick bush. He used to guide people home when it was too dark to see. One night when it was darker than it usually was, he thought, "I shall not help people to their houses. It is too cold, and I do not like to do it." Fiery sat in his bush saying to himself,

"These people are getting lost and cold. It is fun watching them. I shall not help them. If I do go out, I shall lead them to the wrong place. That will be fun."

While he was watching, a man came and said, "I'm cold. Here is a nice bush. I will cut it up and burn it."

At these words Fiery was scared. He thought he would be burned to death, but he wasn't. The man took a match out of his pocket and lit it. He tried to light the bush. Fiery showed his light and the man thought the fire was starting, so he lit another match. While he was taking the match out of his pocket, Fiery flew away to find another house. He found one in another bush which was thicker. The next night he said to another firefly, his friend,

"Tonight I shall fly around, and when people try to burn my bush, I shall not be there."

It was getting dark. Fiery started out flying around. This time he forgot his light. It was not so dark that he could not see, so he did not notice it, but when it did get dark, he did notice it, so he got lost. He hunted and hunted but he could not find his bush. He bumped into houses, trees, and other bushes but they were not his bush. Fiery hunted for a long time and then said to himself,

"I'm tired of hunting. I will go to sleep and hunt tomorrow morning."

The next morning he woke up very late. He started hunting. But the first thing he saw was his bush right beside him. He thought, "Why didn't I go a little farther. Next time I go out I shall not forget my lantern."

RAYMOND KRESSMAN, Fourth Grade

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Tommy was an old, old mule. He lived many years ago way up in the hills in the country of Palestine. He lived with many other mules, but they were younger than he was. He would limp along, but the other mules played about. One day the farmer said to his son, "Tommy is getting so old that we shall have to kill him."

The farmer's boy said, "I do not want to kill him." The boy was awfully sad. He slowly walked down the hill by the old mule. When he reached the door of the butcher shop where his father had told him to take the mule to be killed, a man came up behind him.

The man asked, "How much will you sell that mule for?"

"Who are you?" said the farmer boy.

"I am Joseph. I want to take the mule to Bethlehem. My wife Mary is very sick and I want her to ride and not walk."

"Yes, I will sell him," answered the boy.

And so Joseph bought the mule and Mary rode him into Bethlehem. That night Jesus was born. It was the first Christmas.

SUE THOMAS, Third Grade

THE INDIAN BOY

Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was Redwood and one day he had an adventure in the woods. I'll tell you about the adventure.

Well, one day Redwood was walking in the woods and all at once a bear jumped at him. He dodged before the bear could hit him but the bear said,

"Redwood, I'll let you go this time but remember if you come in this woods, you'll fall into a pit and a prison is in there, so you'd better not come in this woods."

"I'll come in this woods any time I want to, Mr. Bear."

"All right, Redwood, I'm just warning you not to come in this woods."

Then Redwood said, "Now listen, Mr. Bear, that's ridiculous. You're just a bear."

"Yes, Redwood, I'm just a bear, that's true." And so the bear went off.

But the next morning Redwood got up and without breakfast he ran out the door and ran as fast as he could down to the place where the bear and he had met. The bear had been spying on him and all at once the bear jumped out at him and shot Redwood and he died and they have never seen him since and that is the end of the adventure.

THOMAS DE VILBISS, Second Grade

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER PETS

Once a little girl and her dog and her cat lived in a little white house very happily.

Every day the little girl would get up very early and hop out of bed. The dog got up early and the cat got up early and they went downstairs to see what had happened in the night.

And then they went out to pick flowers and walked along the garden. And sometimes they would pick a big bunch of flowers for their mother.

SALLY LOOP, First Grade

THE HORSE WITH WINGS

Once there was a horse who lived with a farmer. One day the farmer saw something on the horse's back.

He said, "What is it?"

And that night the horse flew and flew.

BARBARA JONES, First Grade

THE SECRET

Once upon a time there lived a king who had two princesses and he had three princes. The two princesses and the three princes had a secret. That secret no one could figure out—where they danced every night.

MARIE BELL, First Grade

MY DOG

My dog's name is Charcoal.
He is black.
He can run fast.
He is little and very cute when we take him out in the car.

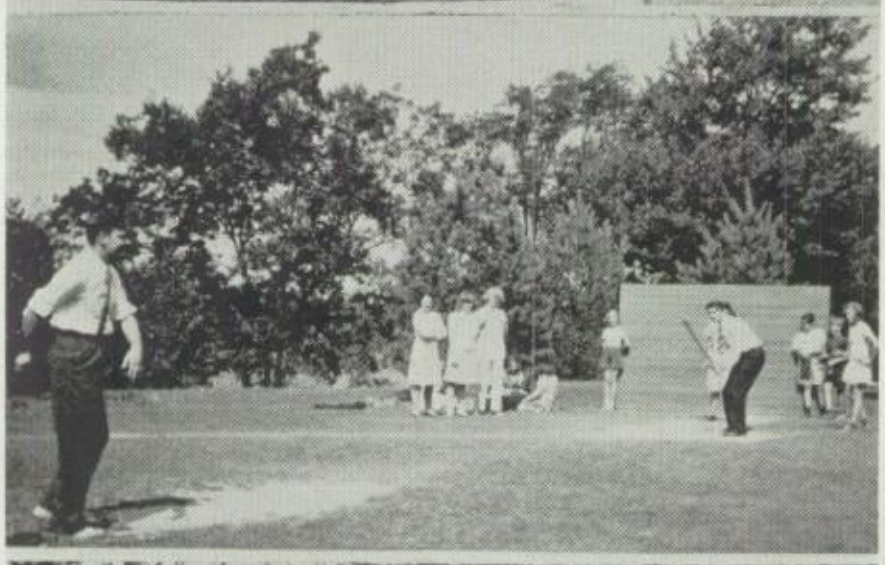
JON DEIMEL, First Grade

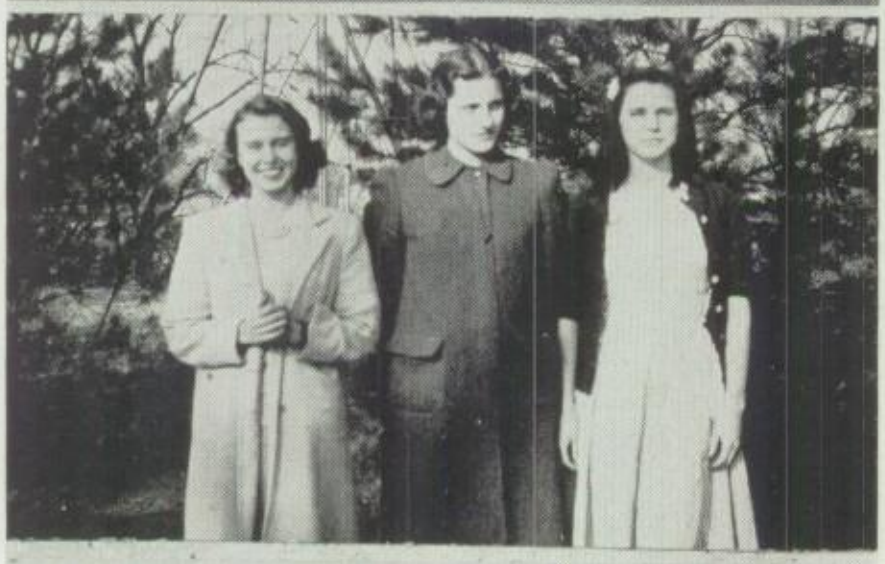
WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID AT M. V.

1. The first girl to hear planes automatically becomes a siren.
2. Do not lose your head (unless exams are already over).
   (a) If you are a brunette, slip quietly under one of the wabbling dining room tables and keep yourself busy by sampling the different brands of gum.
   (b) If you are a blond, please go out and wave to the pilots because they might be cute.
3. Do not knit. A Jap might hear you drop those stitches.
4. If you are on the principal's list, you may take a library chair to the shelter
5. Senior privilege: If you get the teachers to sign your slip (and surely they will not refuse) you need not go to the shelter—just stay out and play with the bombs.
6. If the air-raid is on a dark day, turn on all the lights so you can study without eye strain.
7. If the air-raid is on a sunny day, Juniors, do not miss the chance of taking pictures of the bombs to put in the annual.
8. If in Latin, leave the room quickly but remember—nothing warrants your leaving without the customary *vale*.
9. If in English, wake Alice up and run like mad.
10. If in French and the building starts trembling, go right on dreaming; it's probably only Louise's heel plates coming down the hall.
11. If in algebra and you are stuck on a problem, ask one of the Japs; they know all the answers.
12. In any class, do not forget to hide the teacher's grade book, lest the enemy learn your weak spots.
13. But wherever you are, whatever you are doing, put all your books in the most dangerous spot. Who knows . . . .? They might get hit by one of those firecrackers.
14. After the air raid is over, pick up what's left of you and report to the office for a late slip to classes.
15. If someone is injured, make him walk around so the broken bones will stick out, and then you will be sure which ones are broken.
16. If the building is hit by a bomb, do not get excited; M. V. will go on until the last knot falls.

STUPENDOUS OFFER!

Maumee Valley Inc., makers of Mary's Chocolate Graham's and Winnie's Toll Houses, announces a stupendous offer! For practically nothing we will send you a lovely, exotic M. V. girl! You can have any of the three types: Grade A, B, or C, or one of each! For those who prefer the intellectual type, we recommend the grade A girl. The grade B is the all around type, while grade C is our sports model. These three models are practically perfect in make-up except, of course, when it comes to making up back work or minds. And *so* economical! Why, their upkeep is only a song. They need only a few blue-jeans, an occasional permanent, a change of baggy sweaters, a shampoo now and then, an adequate supply of glamorous dark lipsticks, a convertible station wagon, and a few other articles. All you have to do to obtain one is to send twenty-five cents in coin to cover delivery by bus and the top from a box of Mary's Chocolate Graham's or Winnie's Toll Houses. Send them to Maumee Valley, Inc. But hurry! The supply is limited. Don't miss out on this super-de luxe offer. Get your M. V. model today!





BROADCAST

Station M. V. C. D. S. brings you the news every month. This is your friendly announcer, Willie Weathervane, Junior.

SEPTEMBER

8—The new bell system gave us a lengthy welcome.

15—"Be sure to wear your hat in a bomb raid," said Mr. Stephen Greene, foreign correspondent just back from London.

16—Marilyn, the tenth grade librarian, announced a skit. A long lost book (Martha Wolfe) returns to the Smead Room and is told by other books (remainder of tenth grade) about the Dewey Decimal System.

21—The nines and tens explore the vast literary jungle of the new public library.

25—The nomination of candidates for Student Council president started—tense campaigning for Gordie, Louise, and Alice.

26—Half holiday. After outdoor picnic, Mr. Stork pitched his team to victory.

OCTOBER

1—Did you say "Rabbit" so that you would get a high score on the reading test?

2—Louise France wins Student Council election!

6—Weekly current events assemblies started, so, kids, you'd better read something besides the funnies from now on.

24—Mr. Coryell gives talk at mothers' luncheon.

NOVEMBER

1—The girls' hockey team motored to Detroit to play Grosse Pointe Country Day School. It was worth defeat to have lunch at their tricky clubhouse.

3—"The Discovery of Achilles in the Court" was given by the ancient history class.

13—Unlucky thirteenth for Jim who was convicted by the psychology class of taking the silver dollar from Mr. Stork's car.

15—The girls' hockey team of Old Trail Country Day School, Akron, were our guests. Two hockey games were played. The first we won, 1—0, and the second, Akron won with the same score.

17—A clear day at last for the field day! Potato races, tug of war, three-legged races! The Blue Team, led by Gordie, was awarded suckers for the most points.

19—Whee, Thanksgiving holiday! Out at noon!

28—The sophomores were given a kids' party for bringing in the most ads. Ford's bonnet and bottle won the prize for the best costume.

DECEMBER

2—The Smead Theater offers *Pyramus and Thisbe,* starring Marie Louise as Pyramus and Gerry as the dreadful lion.

5—Don't miss the funniest play of the year, *Love Rides the Rails* or *Will the Mail Train Run Tonight?* Watch Mr. Coryell's cigar wiggle! See Mr. Stork cruelly thrown into a freight car!! Blush as Mrs. Schaefer flags the train with her red petticoat!!!

8—A troubled group assembled to hear President Roosevelt broadcast declaration of war on Japan.

18—The Christmas Story was read by the choral speaking class of the fifth and sixth grades.

19—Christmas Vacation began with carol singing.

23—The gym was turned into a grove of evergreens for a gay formal alumni prom.

JANUARY

6—Reverend Malcolm Ward entertained us with a talk on the Philippines. He warned us to stand in a doorway during a tornado.

8—The seniors told us about the Christmas party they gave at Marshall School.

9—At 11 o'clock, everybody was going to Colby Junior College after talking to its representative, Miss Miller, but the tide swayed to Sarah Lawrence after President Warren showed in assembly movies of her college.

The first boys' basketball game was played with Perrysburg. We were defeated 43—23.

15—The sophomores sponsored a program of negro spirituals sung by Mrs. Johnson. *Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho* was the favorite.

19—23—Extra!! Extra!! Blue Books issued!

29—The seventh and eighth grades took us on an imaginary trip to an art museum. You should have heard the pictures of Captain John Smith and other historical characters tell their stories.

FEBRUARY

5—Chaucer's Wyf of Bath, Prioress and Squire rode off to Canterbury today in 14th century dress.

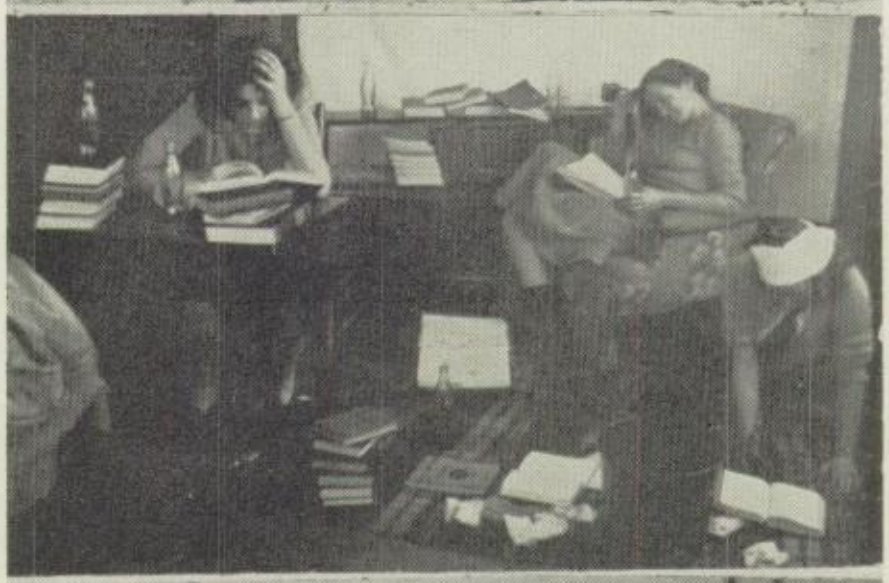
13—A Latin valentine contest was won by Marilyn with Martha and Meg as runners up. Alice and Louise were judges.

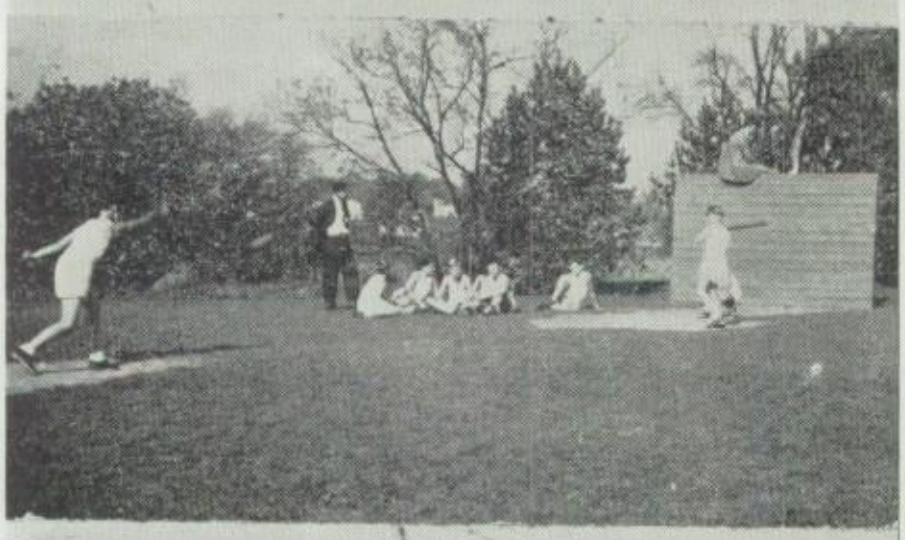
23—Mrs. Barber spoke about South America. Did you see that beautiful silver toothpick holder?

24—The year's first real snow! Everybody deserts basketball for skiing.

27—The toot of the bus's horn announced the arrival of the Grosse Pointe girls for a weekend of sports. We won both basketball games but they were victors of the bowling tournament.

28—A riotous Sadie Hawkins Dance was given by the sophomores. Which boys are wallflowers? A lot of girls found out how it feels to be kept waiting by late dates.





MARCH

5—A piano recital: Miss Vierling's pupils from first grade to Margot.

6—The Howe basketball team were the guests of the junior high at an evening of sports followed by a dance.

11—The faculty beat the boys in basketball—but not in endurance.

12—The fifth and sixth grades demonstrated tumbling. Did you see Babs turn flips over eight people?

17—The faculty is too good. They beat the seniors in bowling too.

19—Mrs. Alexander came for her annual book talk. She reviewed *First Papers* by Dr. Martin Gumpert.

20—The hilarious fathers' and sons' basketball game took place.

23—The mystery is solved. G. P. W. stands for Good Posture Week.

24—Secrets of Faculty Meetings are exposed by the eighth grade English class.

26—The sophomores, represented by Ford and Luette, won the debate on whether England should give India her freedom. The seniors took the affirmative. Did you know India had only five sloops?

27—Spring vacation brings many of the alumnae back.

APRIL

13—Spring vacation ends and outdoor sports begin with boys' baseball practice.

23—A scene from *Nicholas Nickleby* by the freshmen shows Mr. Squeers beating the boys of Dotheboys Hall.

28—Faculty and Juniors debate on ceilings of prices.

30—Don't miss seeing Martha's hair on curlers in *Thursdays at Home* sponsored by the dramatics class.

MAY

8—The dinner of the Crew's Cruise was as gay as usual. No girls allowed—just fathers and sons.

14—The modern dance class show us some of their routines.

15—In *Seven Sisters* given by the seniors, Mitzi and her boy friend plot to marry off Mitzi's older sisters so that she and he can marry.

18—Mr. Howe is welcomed back along with outdoor studying.

21—We all enjoyed Miss Vierling's piano recital, especially *Gardens in the Rain* by Debussy.

22—The annual luncheon of the Smead School Association makes the seniors alumnae for a few hours.

26—Whee! A half holiday for the Mothers' guest luncheon.

28—The first and second grades give the *Three Bears* in French.

GRADUATION WEEK

TUESDAY, JUNE 9

3:00 P. M.—Pet Show
5:00 P. M.—Fathers' and Sons' Baseball Game
6:00 P. M.—Patrons' Picnic

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10

11:00 A. M.—Final Assembly with Athletic Awards
12:30 P. M.—Farewell Luncheon, Senior Sing-out

THURSDAY, JUNE 11

12:30 P. M.—Mr. Stork's Breakfast for the Seniors
5:00 P. M.—Commencement Exercises in the Garden
9:00 P. M.—Senior Prom

HOBBY LOBBY HOUR

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Tonight, on Hobby-Lobby, we have many interesting guests. Our first visitor of the evening is a man you all know, George Washington. Step closer to the microphone, George. Now tell us what your hobby is."

"My hobby is cutting down trees. I have felled oaks, pines, birches, maples, palms, and other varieties. The tree that started this hobby was a cherry tree which I cut down when I was very young."

"Thank you, George. Next we have a rather stout gentleman standing at the microphone, who has a very interesting hobby. I give you Henry VIII."

"Thank you, Phil. My hobby is one which many men would undoubtedly enjoy. It is collecting women. I have six now: two Annes, one Jane, and three Catherines. Unfortunately they all died but one. Why don't you try this sometime, men?"

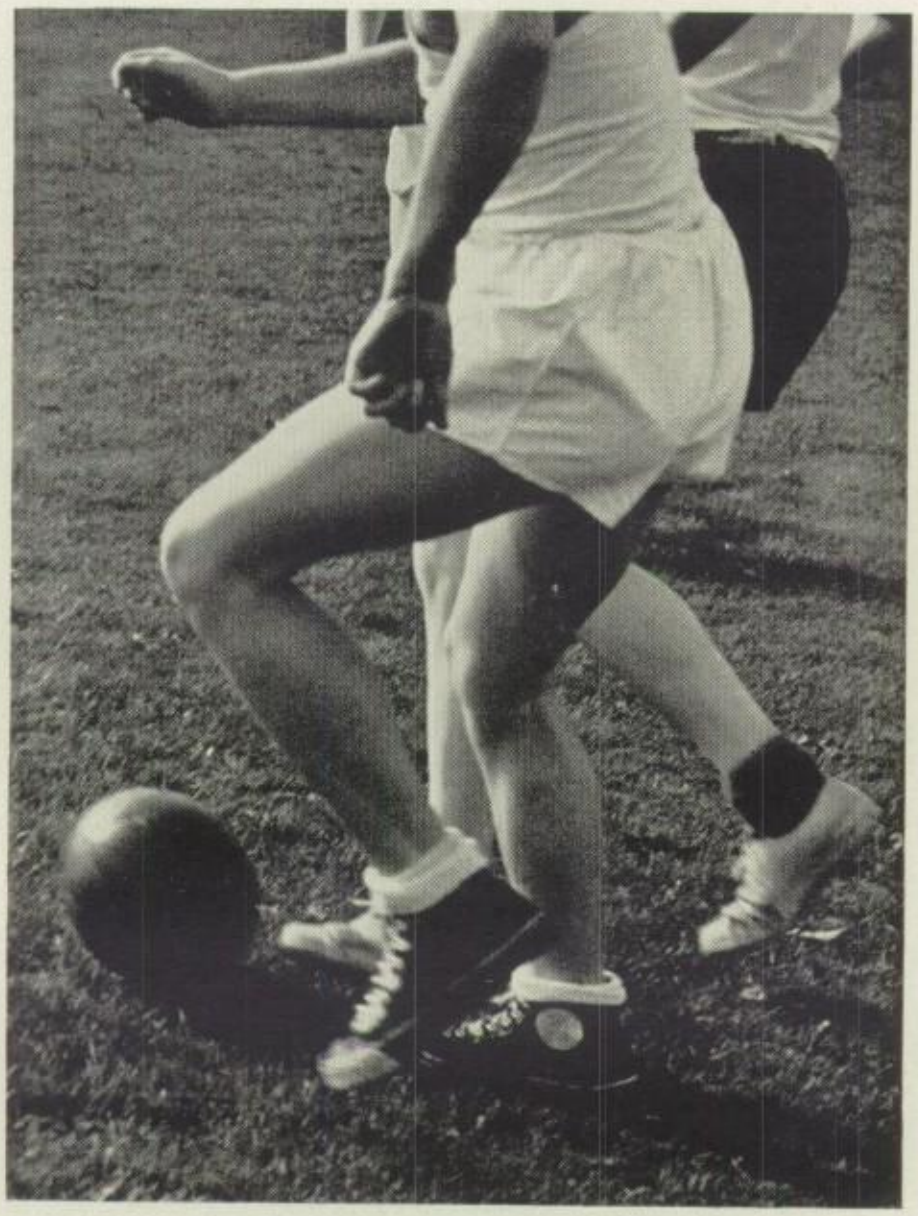
"That really is interesting. I think I shall start a collection. As our last guest of the evening, we have a pompous little man with a bristling moustache, Adolf Hitler. Go ahead, Adolf."

"I collect countries, Phil. So far I have Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Greece, and France in my collection. By the end of next year I hope to add Russia, England, and the United States. The people in these countries have their toes and ears cut off and then are roasted over a slow fire if they displease me . . ." (Click)

L. G.

WEATHER VANE AWARDS "OSCARS"

They Died with Their Boots On Boys' basketball team
Shadow of a Thin Man......"Spot"
Skylark .....Boots
Navy Blues.....Luette
The Great Lie.....Excuses for getting out of sports
Lady Be Good .....Phil
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.....Jim and Bill
Melody Lane.....Sue and Laurie
Bedtime Story .....Nannie's houseparty
The Yank in the R. A. F......Chellis
When Ladies Meet .....The locker room
The Male Animal .....Ford
Playmates ....Truman Pendennis and Harold Stanfast
Hellzapoppin .....Friday afternoon at 2:15
Ball of Fire .....Martha
Hot Spot .....What the library isn't
Broadcast of 1941.....Donna
Remember the Day .....Commencement
Here Comes Mr. Jordan .....Guess!
Target for Tonight .....French
The Forgotten Village .....School in summer time
Unfinished Business .....Latin



Activities

Left to right: George Stranahan, Luette Goodbody, Marie Grubb, Louise France, president, Marie Louise de Coriolis, Jim Hendrickson, Carol MacNichol.
Not in picture: Mary Sherman Walbridge.

OFFICERS

President.....Louise France
Secretary-Treasurer.....Luette Goodbody
Senior Representative.....Marie Louise de Coriolis
Junior Representative.....Marie Grubb
Sophomore Representative.....Luette Goodbody
Freshman Representative.....James Hendrickson
Eighth Grade Representative.....
.....Mary Sherman Walbridge
Seventh Grade Representative.....Carol MacNichol
Fifth and Sixth Grade Representative.....
.....George Stranahan

STUDENT COUNCIL

Left to right around table: George Stranahan, Mr. Lennihan, Gillian Jardine, Margot Bennett, Sally Jordan, Jo Ann Johnson, Harriet Hollister, Mr. Stork, James Morris, Duane Stranahan, Harold Boeschenstein, Paula Secor, Mrs. Lennihan, Mrs. Stork, Mrs. Schaefer, David Martin-Tomson, Scott Moore, Peter Hoffman, Charles McKelvy.
Back row, left to right: Mr. Jordan, Mme. Geary, Mr. Pursell.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Publisher.....Harold Boeschenstein
Editor.....Duane Stranahan
Chief Reporter.....Charles McKelvy
Politics.....Jo Ann Johnson, Barbara Lennihan
Society.....Paula Secor
Foreign News.....Sally Jordan, Margot Bennett, Gillian Jardine
Local News.....Annette Levis, Harriet Hollister
Cartoonist.....Peter Hoffman
Jokes.....George Stranahan, Scott Moore, David Martin-Tomson

MAUMEE MESSENGER

Left to right: Marian Gillette, Colette Geary, Mary Sherman Walbridge, Georgia Wieting, Mary Hunter Johnston, Marilyn Beidler, Clair Berdan.

MODERN DANCE PROGRAM
June 2, 1942

1. Explanation of Dance
2. Demonstration of Falls
3. Composition on Levels and Motion

   Leader:
   Marilyn Beidler

   Dancers:

Robin Foley	Mary Blair Buggie
Marian Wieting	Margaret Kinsey
Harriet Levis	Donna Coy
Mary Sherman Walbridge	

4. Before a Wedding

   Leaders:
   Alice Rathbun
   Mary Hunter Johnston

   Dancers:

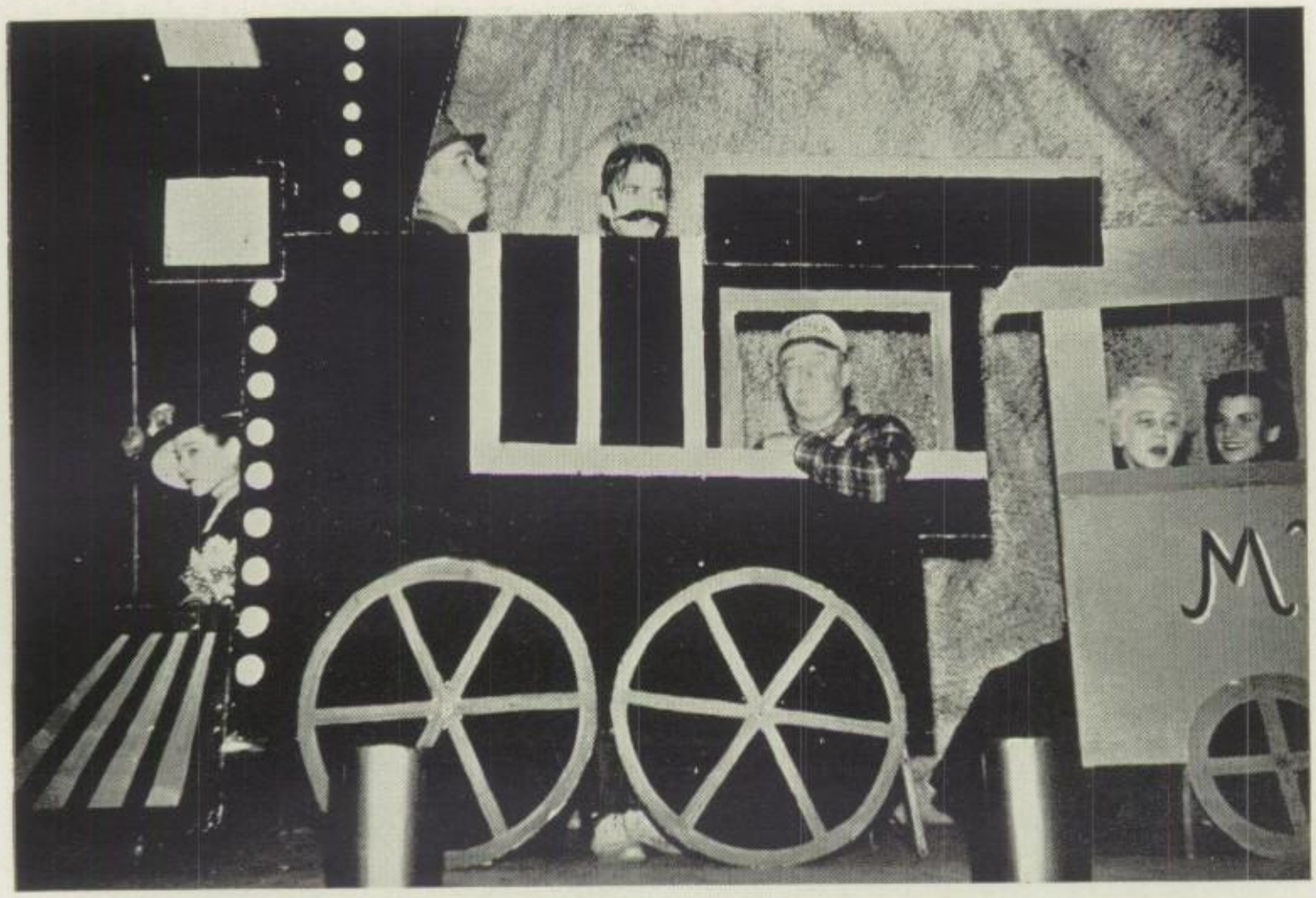
Nancy Boeschenstein	Suzanne Stone
Betty D. Morris	Nancy Wall
Laurie Ann Orr	Colette Geary
Georgia Wieting	Christine Taylor
Marian Gillette	

5. Dancing School

   Dancers:

Betty D. Morris	Marian Wieting
Robin Foley	Nancy Boeschenstein

MODERN DANCE



LOVE RIDES THE RAILS

OR

WILL THE MAIL TRAIN RUN TONIGHT?

Directed by Phyllis Wood

MAUMEE VALLEY COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

December 5, 1941

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Hopewell.....Harriet Stone
Prudence Hopewell.....Maryellen Schaefer
Simon Darkway.....Hubert V. Coryell, Jr.
Truman Pendennis.....Lester Pursell
Harold Stanfast.....Willis Stork
Dirk Sneath.....L. William Johnson
Carlotta Cortez.....Renée Bel Geary
Fred Wheelwright.....Fred Emmett
Dan.....Jack Jordan
Officer.....Joseph Jordan

Ruth Vierling—Accompanist

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Prologue—On board the mail train

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Men and women in the audience are requested not to crack peanuts during the performance; gentlemen and ladies will not do so. While hissing the villain is permitted, the audience is politely requested not to stamp its feet in unison to the music for fear of bringing down the house.

SEVEN SISTERS

Directed by Hubert V. Coryell, Jr.

MAUMEE VALLEY COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

May 15, 1942

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Gyurkovics	Marie Louise de Coriolis
Katinka	Dorothy Hiett
Sari	Louise France
Ella	Alice Rathbun
Mitzi	Mary Gordon Hascall
Terka	Georgia Wieting
Liza	Marian Gillette
Klara	Mary Geraldine Teipel
Colonel Radviany	Richard Arnos
Baron Gida	Thomas Swigart
Ferenz Horkoy	Bryant Wood
Michael Sandorffy	Richard Jamieson
Toni Teleki	Hubert V. Coryell, Jr.
Marie	Kate Bancroft

Production Staff

Production Managers.....Georgia Wieting
Kate Bancroft
Costume Manager.....Mary Gordon Hascall
Stage Manager.....Mary Geraldine Teipel
Property Managers.....Alice Rathbun
Louise France
Prompter.....Marian Wieting

Act I

A morning is June—About 10:30 A. M.

Act II

Three months later—Noon

Act III

Three months later—About 1:00 A. M.

Third row: Marian Wieting, Martha Wolfe, Margaret Kinsey, Alice Rathbun, Marie Louise de Coriolis, Betty Jordan.

Second row: Mary Blair Buggie, Marie Grubb, Gordie Hascall, Betty Dee Morris, Phyllis Gould, Marian Gillette.

First row: Donna Coy, Nancy Boeschenstein, Carol MacNichol, Harriet Levis, Betty Bentley, Betty Jay.

Not in picture: Chellis Carney, Christine Taylor.

BROWN TEAM

Betty Bentley	Marian Gillette
Mary Blair Buggie	Mary Gordon Hascall
Nancy Boeschenstein	Betty Jay
Margaret Kinsey	Elizabeth Morris
Harriet Levis	Alice Rathbun
Carol MacNichol	Martha Wolfe
Marian Wieting	Chellis Carney
Marie Louise de Coriolis	Donna Coy
Phyllis Gould	Betty Jordan
Marie Grubb	Christine Taylor

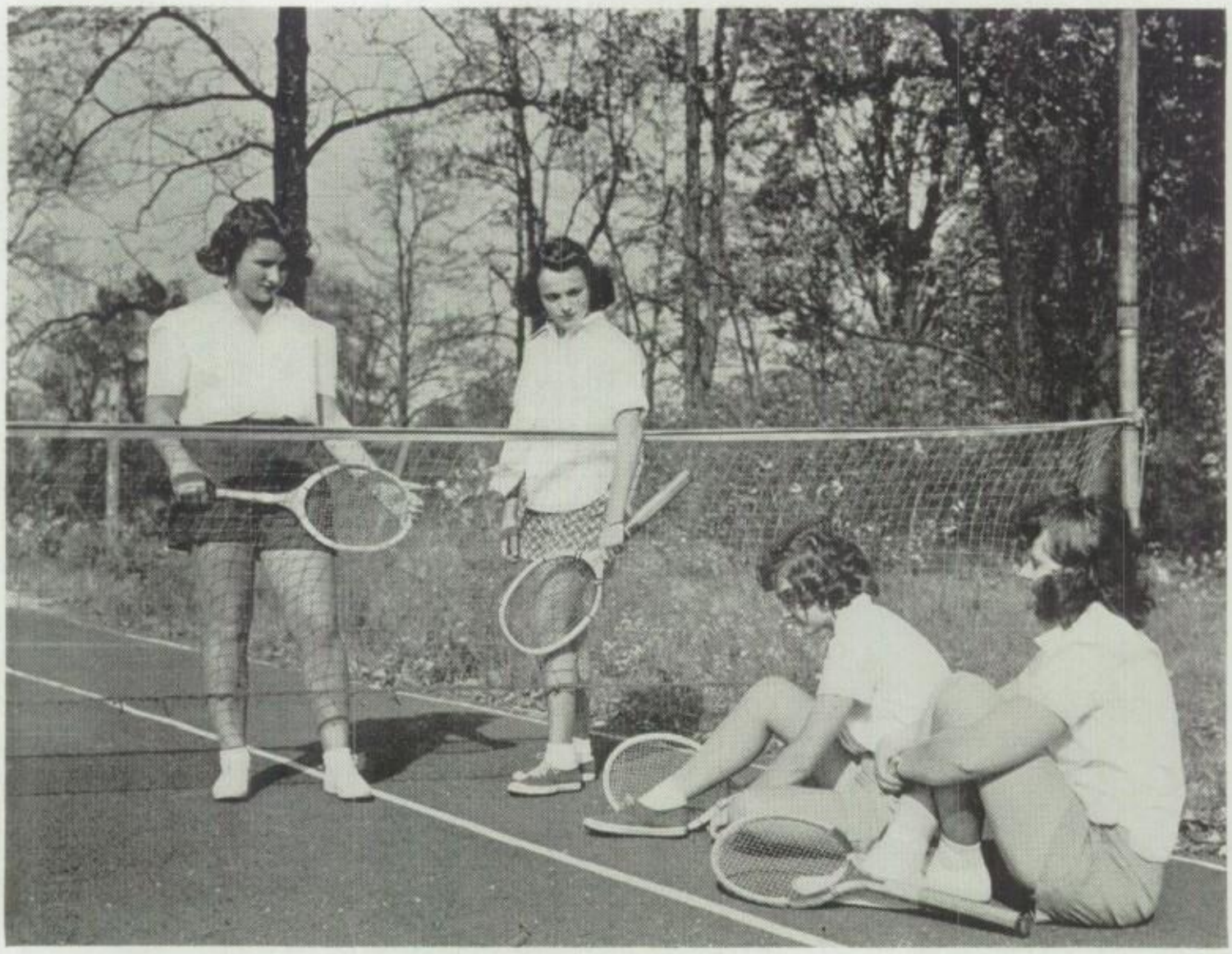
GIRLS' SPORTS

Third row: Marilyn Beidler, Sue Stone, Nancy Wall, Barbara Jordan, Colette Geary.
Second row: Georgia Wieting, Laurie Ann Orr, Louise France, Natalie Buckhout, Gerry Teipel.
First row: Eleanor Hollister, Robin Foley, Gloria Prudden.
Not in picture: Clair Berdan, Shermie Walbridge, Margaret Rose Patterson, Luette Goodbody, Dorothy Hiett, Boots Johnston.

ORANGE TEAM

Clair Berdan
Robin Foley
Eleanor Hollister
Barbara Jordan
Gloria Prudden
Mary Sherman Walbridge
Margaret Rose Patterson
Marilyn Beidler
Natalie Buckhout
Louise France
Colette Geary
Luette Goodbody
Dorothy Hiett
Mary Hunter Johnston
Laurie Ann Orr
Suzanne Stone
Mary Geraldine Teipel
Nancy Wall
Georgia Wieting

GIRLS' SPORTS



Betty Dee Morris, Betty Jay, Marilyn Beidler, Sue Stone.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

February 27, 1942	Grosse Pointe Jr. High	21	Maumee Valley Jr. High	39
	Grosse Pointe Sr. High	14	Maumee Valley Sr. High	25
March 5, 1942	Maumee Valley Jr. High	20	Maumee Valley Sr. High	14
March 9, 1942	Brown	15	Orange	11
March 11, 1942	Brown	11	Orange	10
March 17, 1942	Perrysburg	19	Maumee Valley	5
March 20, 1942	Ottawa Hills Jr. High	21	Maumee Valley Jr. High	9
March 18, 1942	Maumee Valley Jr. High	7	Maumee Valley Sr. High	12

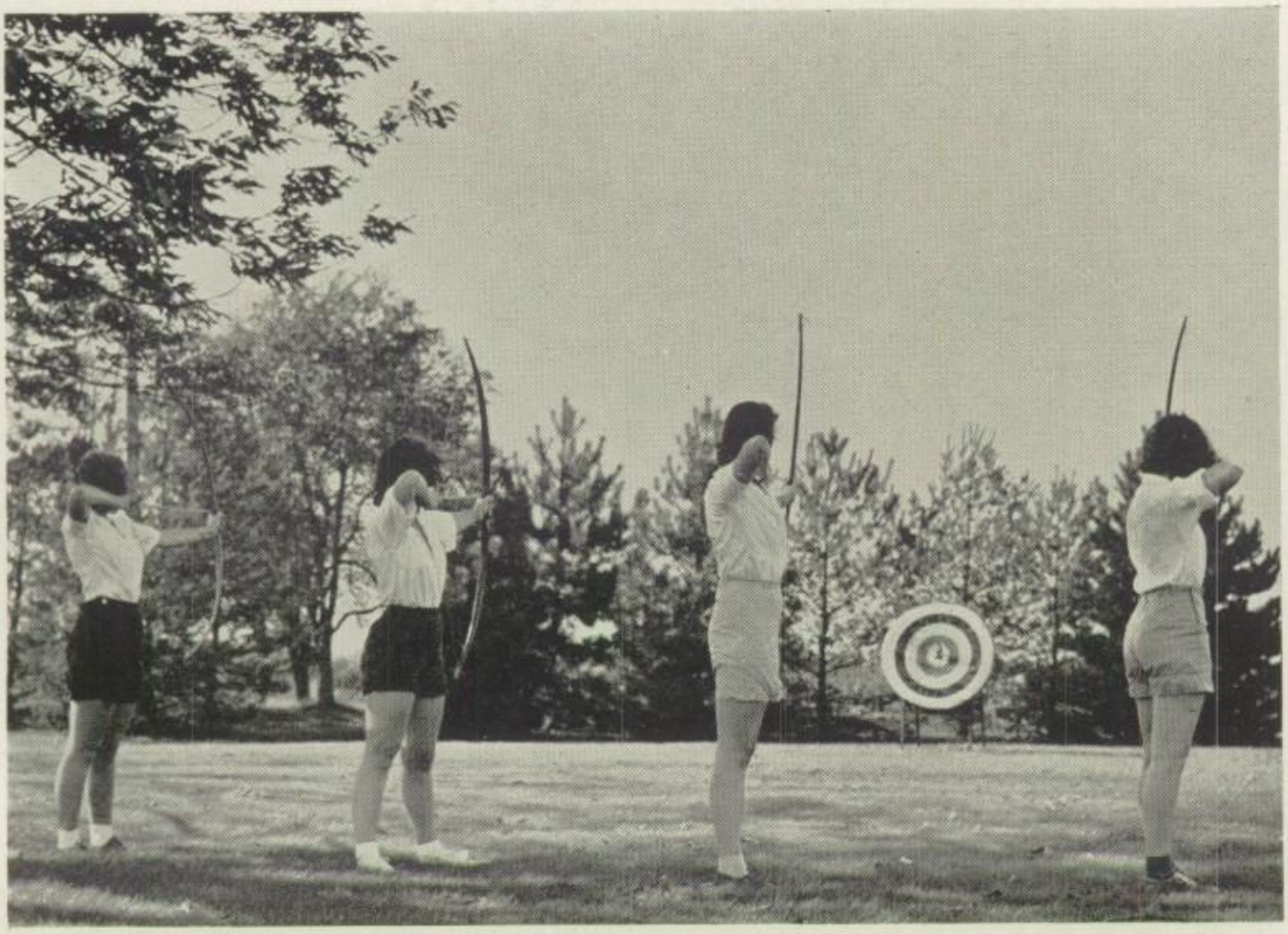
HIGH SCORERS

Brown: Alice Rathbun Orange: Nancy Wall Laurie Ann Orr

FOUL SHOOTING CONTEST

Winner: Mary Geraldine Teipel Runner-up: Alice Rathbun

TENNIS



Phyllis Gould, Martha Wolfe, Laurie Ann Orr, Georgia Wieting.

VOLLEYBALL SCHEDULE

Brown	Orange
Brown	Orange
Perrysburg	

WINNER OF TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Winner: Mary Geraldine Teipel

Runner-up: Chellis Carney

BOWLING

Maumee Valley Team

Winning Team: Orange
Gerry Teipel
Dorothy Hiett
Georgia Weiting
Alice Rathbun
Louise France

Subs:
Gordie Hascall
M. L. de Coriolis
Marian Gillette

ARCHERY

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

October 24, 1941	Grosse Pointe	2	Maumee Valley	0
November 1, 1941	Old Trail	0	Maumee Valley	1
November 19, 1941	Ottawa Hills	0	Maumee Valley	2

November 10, 1941	Brown	0	Orange	2
November 12, 1941	Brown	2	Orange	1
November 17, 1941	Brown	1	Orange	2

HOCKEY

COUNTRY DAY
SCHOOL

Third row: Mr. Pursell, Alfred Reiser, Ford Bennett, Jon Ayers, Clint Mauk, Jim Hendrickson, Bill Clark.

Second row: Pat Stranahan, Tom Boeschenstein, Frankie Batsch, David Martin-Tomson, Fritz Wolfe, Bill Ajemian, Peter Hoffman, Chuck Johnson.

First row: Scotty Moore, Sonny Betz, Charles McKelvy, Jim Morris, George Stranahan, Jimmy Nordhoff, Bob Mauk, Tom Adkins.

INTRA-MURAL TEAM SPORTS

Touch Football
Speedball
Basketball
Volleyball
Softball
Baseball
Soccer

VASITY SPORTS

Basketball
Softball

INDIVIDUAL SPORTS

Tennis
Swimming
Table Tennis
Tumbling
Badminton
Track

AWARDS

Six Inch Letter

Ford Bennett

Four Inch Letter

William Clark
James Hendrickson
Clinton Mauk
Jon Ayers
Thomas Adkins
Robert Mauk

Two Inch Letter

Duane Stranahan
George Stranahan
David Martin-Tomson

BOYS' SPORTS

BASKETBALL SCORES

1.	M. V. C. D. S.		18—35	Nazareth Hall
2.	"		23—43	Perrysburg*
3.	"	(7th & 8th Grades)	7—30	Bowling Green*
4.	"		21—23	Waterville*
5.	"		21—22	Grosse Pointe
6.	"		18—34	Maumee
7.	"		14—33	Cathedral*
8.	"	(5th & 8th Grades)	16—35	Riverside*
9.	"		24—26	Ottawa Hills*
10.	"		26—17	Grosse Pointe*
11.	"		20—14	Waterville*
12.	"		14—17	Bowling Green
13.	"		16—40	Nazareth Hall*
14.	"		23—28	Ottawa Hills
15.	"		30—31	Howe*
16.	"	(5th & 6th Grades)	23—21	Union*

LUCAS COUNTY TOURNAMENT

17.	M. V. C. D. S.	12—15	Monclova

* Home Games

Total Won 3 or 21%
Lost 14

SOCCER

FINAL STANDINGS IN TOTAL POINTS

	Number Games	Number Goals	Total Points
Clark	14	64	137
Mauk, C.	14	19	43
Mauk, R.	16	14	43
Johnson	16	16	43
Adkins	12	9	24
Morris	3	6	12
Ayers	12	3	8
Wolfe	10	2	4
Betz	2	1	3
Stranahan, D.	7	0	2
Nordhoff	3	1	2
Stranahan, G.	1	0	0
Martin-Tomson	1	0	0
			321

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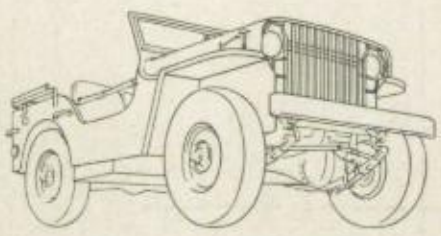

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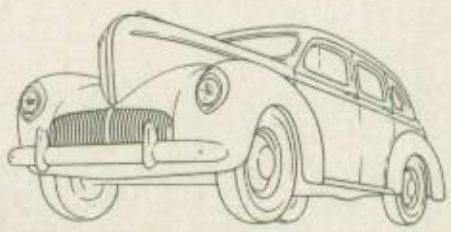

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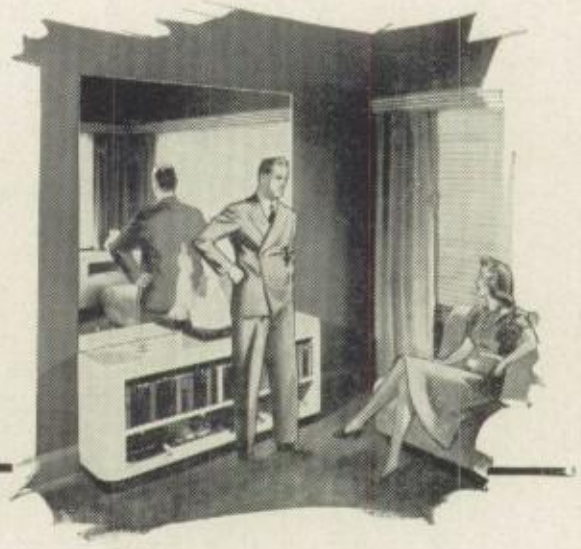

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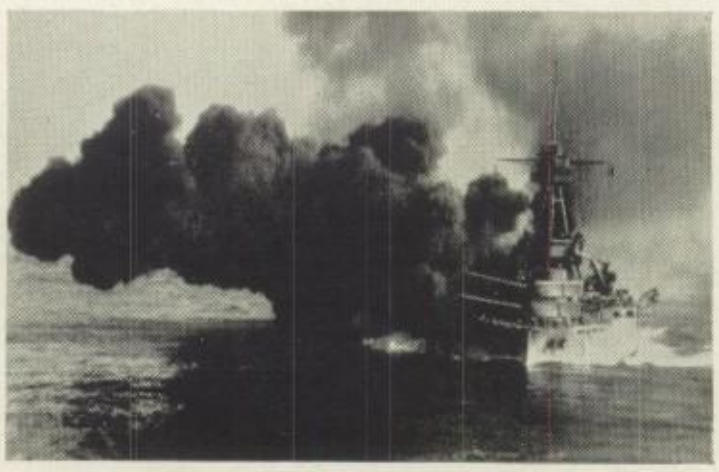

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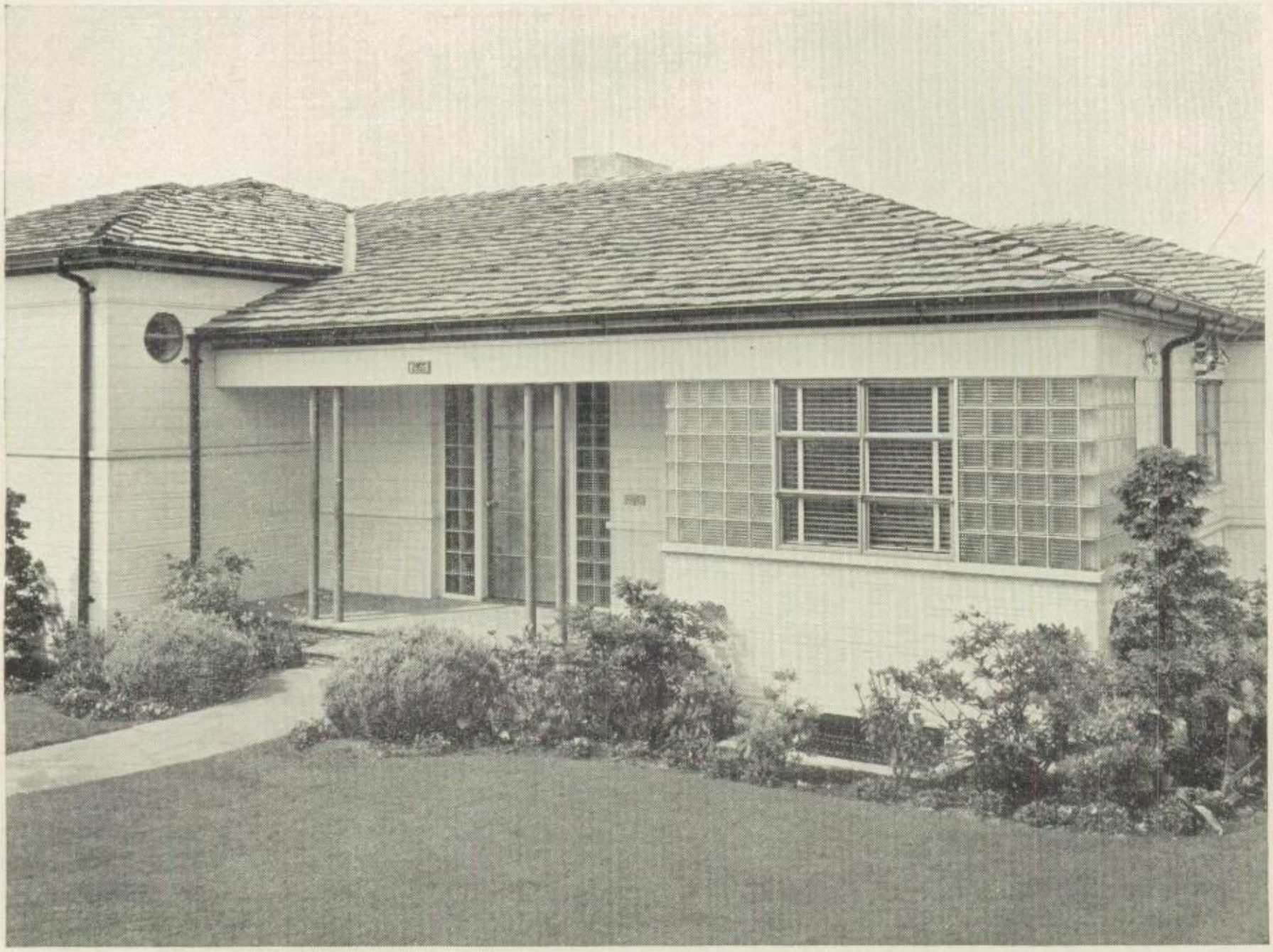

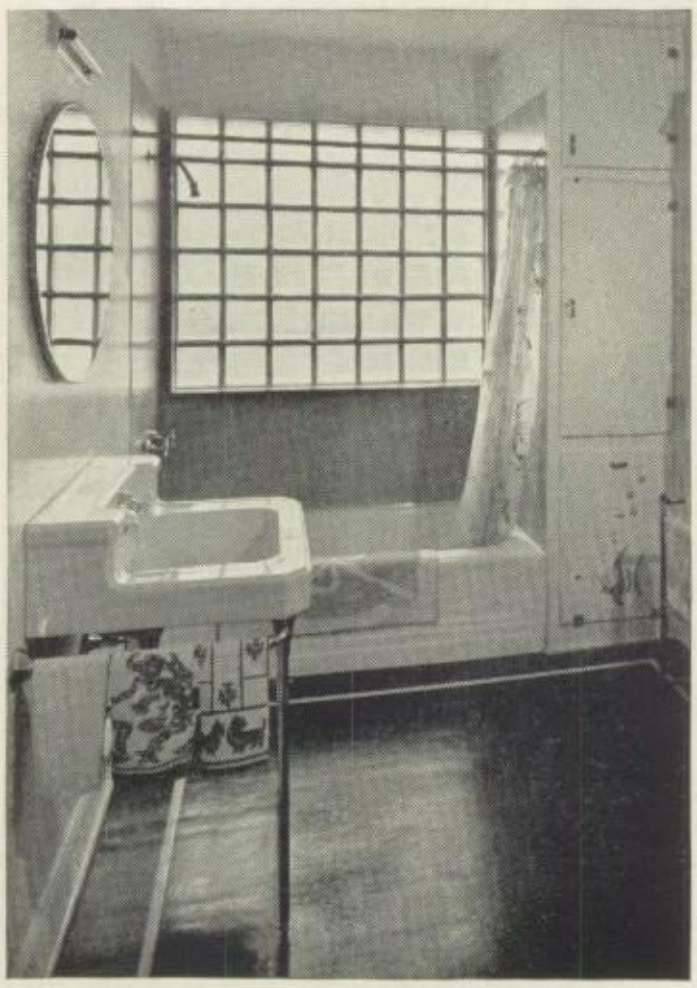

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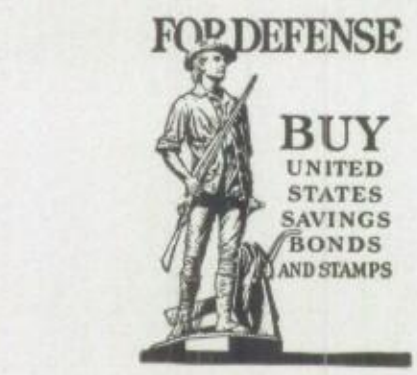

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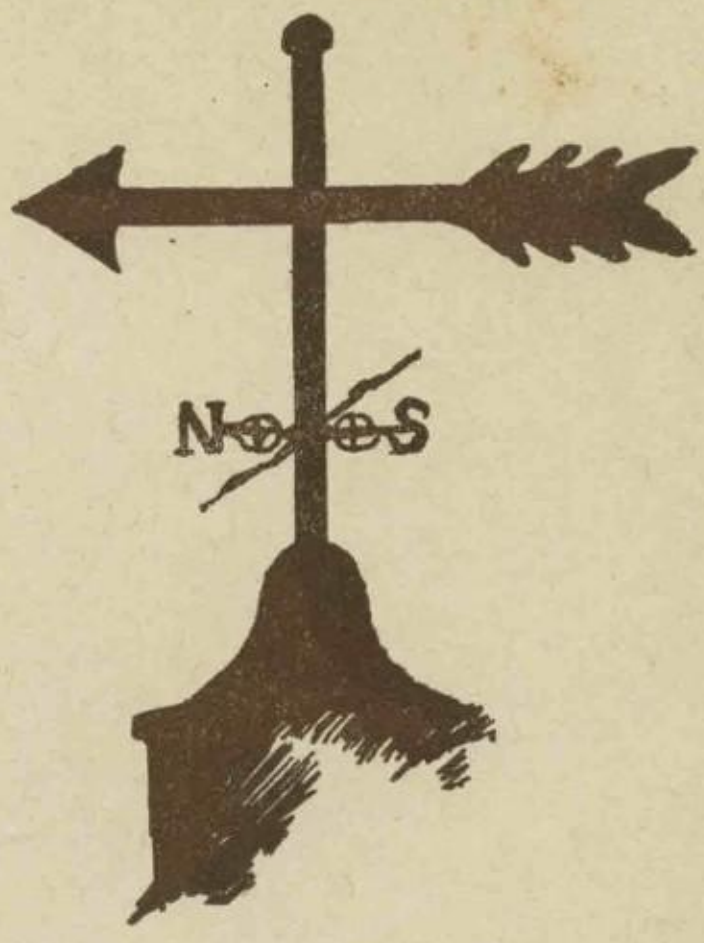
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